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Poetry.

AS INTERLUDE.

In the greenest growth of the Maytime,
I rode where the woods were wet,
Between the dawn and the daytime;—
The spring was and last we met.

You came, and the sun came after.
And the trees grew golden with you;
And the fire-flowers lighthered with laughter,
And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

I waited to watch you linger
With foot drawn back from the dew,
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger
Struck sharp through the leaves at you.

I remember the way we parted,
The day and the way we met;
You bowed we were both broken-hearted
And know we would both forget.

And May with her world in flower
Seemed still to murmur and smile
As you murmured and smiled for an hour:—
I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood blossom
Now lifted, and waved, and passed,
With head hung down to the bosom,
And pale, as it seemed, at last.

And the best and the worst of this is
That neither is spoilt by this:
If you've forgotten a kiss
And I've forgotten your name.

Our Story Teller.

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE;

—OR—

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A Startling Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

CHAPTER V.

THE GERMAN SURGEON.

The youngest of the three strangers—judging by features, complexion and manner—was apparently an Englishman. He wore a military cap and military boots, but was otherwise dressed as a civilian. Next to him stood an officer in Prussian uniform, and next to the officer was the third and the oldest of the party. He also was dressed in uniform, but his appearance was far from being suggestive of the appearance of a military man. He halted on one foot, he stooped at the shoulders, and instead of a sword at his side he carried a stick in his hand. After looking sharply through a large pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, first at Mercy, then at the bed, then all round the room, he turned with a cynical composure of manner to the Prussian officer, and broke the silence in these words:

"A woman ill on the bed; another woman in attendance on her, and no one else in the room. Any necessity, major, for setting a guard here?"

"No necessity," answered the major. He wheeled round on his heel and returned to the kitchen. The German surgeon advanced a little, led by his professional instinct, in the direction of the bedside. The young Englishman, whose eyes had remained riveted in admiration on Mercy, drew the canvas screen over the doorway, and respectfully addressed her in the French language.

"May I ask if I am speaking to a French lady?" he said.

"I am an Englishwoman," Mercy replied.

The surgeon heard the answer. Stopping short on his way to the bed, he pointed to the recumbent figure on it, and said to Mercy, in good English, spoken with a strong German accent:

"Can I be of any use there?"

His manner was ironically courteous, his harsh voice was pitched in one sarcastic monotony of tone. Mercy took a dislike to this hobbling, ugly old man, staring at her rudely through his great tortoise-shell spectacles.

"You can be of no use, Sir," she said, shortly. "The lady was killed when your troops shelled this cottage."

The Englishman started, and looked compassionately toward the bed. The German re-lighted himself with a pinch of snuff, and put another question.

"Has the body been examined by a medical man?" he asked.

Mercy ungraciously limited her reply to the one necessary word, "Yes."

The present surgeon was not a man to be daunted by a lady's disapproval of him. He went on with his questions.

"Who has examined the body?" he enquired next.

Mercy answered, "The doctor attached to the French ambulance."

The German grunted in contemptuous disapproval of all Frenchmen and all French institutions. The Englishman seized the first opportunity of addressing himself to Mercy, at once.

"Is the lady one of your country-women of ours?" he asked, gently.

Mercy considered before she answered him. With the object she had in view, there might be serious reasons for speaking with extreme caution when she spoke of Grace.

"I believe so," she said. "We met here by accident. I know nothing of her."

"Not even her name?" inquired the German surgeon.

Mercy's resolution was hardly equal yet to giving her own name openly as the name of Grace. She took refuge in flat denial.

"No, not even her," she repeated obstinately.

The old man stared at her more rudely than ever, considered with himself, and took the candle from the table. He hobbled back to the bed, and examined the figure laid on it in silence. The Englishman continued the conversation, no longer concealing the interest that he felt in the beautiful woman who stood before him.

"Pardon me," he said; "you are very young to be alone in war-time in such a place as this."

The sudden outbreak of a disturbance in the kitchen relieved Mercy from any immediate necessity for answering him. She heard the voices of the wounded men raised in feeble remonstrance, and the harsh command of the foreign officers bidding them be silent. The generous instincts of the woman instantly prevailed over every personal consideration imposed on her by the position which she had assumed. Reckless whether she betrayed herself or not as nurse in the French ambulance, she instantly drew aside the canvas to enter the kitchen. A German sentinel barred the way to her, and announced, in his own language, that no strangers were admitted. The Englishman, politely interposing, asked if she had any special object in wishing to enter the room.

"The poor Frenchmen!" she said, earnestly, her heart upbraiding her for having forgotten them. "The poor wounded Frenchmen!"

The German surgeon advanced from the bedside, and took the matter up before the Englishman could say a word more.

"You have nothing to do with the wounded Frenchmen," he croaked, in the harshest notes of his voice. "The wounded Frenchmen are my business, and they are being moved to our ambulance. I am Ignatius Wetzel, chief of the medical staff—and I tell you this. Hold your tongue." He turned to the sentinel, and added in German, "Draw the curtain again; and if the woman persists, put her back into this room with your own hand."

Mercy attempted to remonstrate. The Englishman respectfully took her arm, and drew her out of the sentinel's reach.

"It is useless to resist," he said. "The German discipline never gives way. There is not the least need to be uneasy about the Frenchmen. The ambulance under Surgeon Wetzel is admirably administered. I answer for it, the men will be well treated." He saw the tears in her eyes as he spoke; his admiration for her rose higher and higher. "Kind as well as beautiful," he thought. "What a charming creature!"

"Well," said Ignatius Wetzel, eyeing Mercy sternly through his spectacles, "are you satisfied? And will you hold your tongue?"

She yielded: it was plainly useless to resist. But for the surgeon's resistance, her devotion to the wounded men might have stopped her on the downward way that she was going. If she could only have been absorbed again, mind and body, in her good work as a nurse, the temptation might even yet have found her strong enough to resist it. The fatal severity of the German discipline had snapped asunder the last tie that bound her to her better self. Her face hardened as she walked away proudly from Surgeon Wetzel, and took a chair.

The Englishman followed her, and revered to the question of her present situation in the cottage. "Don't suppose that I want to alarm you," he said. "There is, I repeat, no need to be anxious about the Frenchmen, but there is serious reason for anxiety on your own account. The action will be renewed round the village by daylight; you ought really to be in a place of safety. I am an officer in the English army—my name is Horace Holmcroft. I shall be delighted to be of use to you, and I can be of no use to you, if you will let me, May I ask if you are travelling?"

Mercy gathered the cloak which concealed her nurse's dress more closely round her, and committed herself silently to her first overt act of deception. She bowed her head in the affirmative.

"Are you on your way to England?"

"Yes."

"In that case I can pass you through the German lines and forward you at once on your journey."

Mercy looked at him in unconcealed surprise. She was strongly-felt interest in him was restrained within the strictest limits of good breeding: he was unmistakably a gentleman. Did he really mean what he had just said? "You can pass me through the German lines?" she repeated. "You must possess extraordinary influence, Sir, to be able to do that."

Mr. Horace Holmcroft smiled.

"I possess the influence that no one can resist," he answered—"the influence of the Press. I am serving here as war correspondent of one of our great English newspapers. If I ask him, the commanding officer will grant you a pass. He is close to this cottage. What do you say?"

She summoned her resolution—not without difficulty, even now—and took him at his word. "I gratefully accept your offer, Sir."

He advanced a step toward the kitchen, and stopped. "It may be well to make the application as privately as possible," he said. "I shall be glad to find it pass through that room. Is there no other way out of the cottage?"

Mercy showed him the door leading into the yard. He bowed—and left her. She looked anxiously toward the German surgeon. Ignatius Wetzel was still at the bed bending over the body, and apparently absorbed in examining the wound which had been inflicted by the shell. Mercy's instinctive aversion to the old man increased tenfold now that she was left alone with him. She withdrew uneasily to the window, and looked out at the moonlight.

Had she committed herself to the friend? Hardly, yet. She had committed herself to return to England—nothing more. That future was no necessity, in truth, which forced her to present herself at Mablethorpe House, in Grace's place. There was still time to recall her resolution—still time to write the secret out of the accident, as she had proposed, and to send it with the letter-case to Lady Janet Roy. Suppose she finally decided on taking this course, what was to become of her when she found herself in England again? There was no alternative open but to apply once more to her friend the matron. There was nothing for her to do but to return to the Refuge!

The Refuge! The matron! What past association with these two was now presenting itself uninvited, and taking the foremost place in her mind? Of whom was she now thinking, in that strange place, and at that crisis in her life? Of the man whose secret she found under the way to the speak, whose influence had strengthened and commanded her, in the chapel of the Refuge. One of the finest passages in his sermon had been especially devoted by Julian Gray to warning the congregation whom he addressed against the degrading influences of falsehood and deceit. The terms in which he had appealed to the miserable women round him—terms of sympathy and encouragement never addressed to them before—came back to Mercy Merrick as if she heard them an hour since. She turned deadly pale as they now pleaded with her once more. "Oh!" she whispered to herself, as she thought of what she had purposed and planned, "what have I done? What have I done?"

She turned from the window with some vague idea in her mind of following Mr. Holmcroft and calling him back. As she faced the bed again she also confronted Ignatius Wetzel. He was just stepping forward to speak to her, with a white handkerchief—the handkerchief which she had lent to Grace—held up in his hand.

"I have found this in her pocket," he said. "Here is her name written on it. She must be a country-woman of yours." He read the letters marked on the handkerchief with some difficulty. "Her name is—Mercy Merrick."

His lips had said it—not hers! *He* had given her name.

"'Mercy Merrick' is an English name?" pursued Ignatius Wetzel, with his eyes steadily fixed on her. "Is it not so?"

She held on her mind of the past association with Julian Gray began to relax. Ore present and pressing question now possessed itself of the foremost place in her thoughts. Should she correct the error into which the German had fallen? The time had come—to speak, and assert her own identity; or to be silent, and to commit herself to the fraud. Horace Holmcroft entered the room again at the moment when Surgeon Wetzel's staring eyes were still mastered on her, waiting for her reply.

"I have not overrated my interest," he said, pointing to a little slip of paper in his hand. "there is the pass. Have you got pen and ink? I must fill up the form."

Mercy pointed to the writing materials on the table. Horace seated himself, and dipped the pen in the ink.

"Pray don't think that I wish to intrude myself into your affairs," he said. "I am obliged to ask you one or two plain questions. What is your name?"

A sudden trembling seized her. She supported herself against the foot of the bed. Her whole future existence depended on her answer. She was incapable of uttering a word. Ignatius Wetzel stood by her friend for once. His croaking voice filled the empty gap of silence exactly at the right time. He doggedly held the handkerchief under her eyes. He obstinately repeated, "Mercy Merrick is an English name. Is it not so?" Horace Holmcroft looked up from the table. "Mercy Merrick?" he said. "Who is Mercy Merrick?"

The surgeon pointed to the corpse on the bed.

"I have found the name on the handkerchief," he said. "This lady, it seems, had not curiosity enough to look for the name of her own country-woman." He made that mocking allusion to Mercy with a tone which was almost a tone of suspicion, and a look which was almost a look of contempt. Her quick temper instantly resented the discourtesy of which she had been made the object. The irritation of the moment—so often do the most trifling motives determine the most serious human actions—decided her on the course that she should pursue. She turned her back scornfully on the rude old man, and left him in the delusion that he had discovered the dead woman's name. Horace returned to the business of filling up the form.

"Pardon me for pressing the question," he said. "You know what German discipline is by this time. What is your name?"

She answered him recklessly, defiantly, without fairly realizing what she was doing until it was done. "Grace Roseberry," she said.

The words were hardly out of her mouth before she would have given every thing she possessed in the world to recall them.

"Miss?" asked Horace, smiling. She could only answer him by bowing her head.

He wrote "Miss Grace Roseberry"—reflected for a moment—and then added, interrogatively, "Returning to her friends in England?" Her friends in England? Mercy's heart swelled: she silently replied by another sign. He wrote the words after the name, and shook the sand bok over the wet ink. "That will be enough," he said, rising and presenting the pass to Mercy; "I will see you through the lines myself, and arrange for your being sent on by the railway. Where is your luggage?"

Mercy pointed toward the front door of the building. "In a shed outside the cottage," she answered. "It is not much use; I can do every thing for myself in the sentinel will let me pass through the kitchen."

Horace pointed to the paper in her hand. "You can go where you like now," he said. "Shall I wait for you here or outside?"

Mercy glanced distrustfully at Ignatius Wetzel. He was again absorbed in his endless examination of the body on the bed. If she left him alone with Mr. Holmcroft, there was no knowing what the hateful old man might say of her. She answered, "Wait for me outside, if you please." The sentinel drew back with a military salute at the sight of the pass. All the French prisoners had been removed; there were not more than half-a-dozen Germans in the kitchen, and the greater part of them were asleep. Mercy took Grace Roseberry's clothes from the corner in which they had been left to dry, and made for the shed—a rough structure of wood, built out from the cottage wall. At the front door she encountered a second sentinel, and showed her pass for the second time. She spoke to this man, asking him if he understood French. He answered that he understood a little. Mercy gave him a piece of money, and said, I am going to pack up my luggage in the shed. Be kind enough to see that nobody disturbs me." The sentinel saluted, in token that he understood. Mercy disappeared in the darkness of the shed.

Left alone with Surgeon Wetzel, Horace noticed the strange old man still bending intently over the English lady who had been killed by the shell.

"Any thing remarkable," he asked, "in the manner of that poor creature's death?"

"Nothing to put in a newspaper," retorted the cynic, pursuing his investigations as attentively as ever.

"Interesting to a doctor—eh?" said Horace.

"Yes. Interesting to a doctor," was the gruff reply.

Horace good-humouredly accepted the hint implied in those words. He quitted the room by the door leading into the yard, and waited for the charming Englishwoman, as he had been instructed, outside the cottage.

Left by himself, Ignatius Wetzel, after a first cautious look all round opened the upper part of Grace's dress, and laid his left hand on the heart. Taking a little steel instrument from his waistcoat pocket with the other hand, he applied it carefully to the wound, raised a morsel of the broken and coagulated bone on the bullet, and examined it with a grunt of satisfaction. "Aha!" he cried, muttering with a terrible gayety the senseless creature under his hands. "The Frenchman says you are dead, my dear—does he?" The Frenchman is a Quack! The Frenchman is an ass!" He laid his head, and called into the kitchen. "Max!" A sleepy young German covered with a dresser's apron from his chin to his feet, drew the curtain, and waited for his instructions. "Bring me my black bag," said Ignatius Wetzel. Having given that order, he rubbed his hands cheerfully, and shook himself like a dog. "Now I am quite happy," croaked the terrible old man, with his fierce eyes leering sideloog at the bed. "My dear dead Englishwoman, I would not have missed the meeting with you for all the money I have in the world. Ha! you infernal French Quack, you call it death, do you? I call it suspended animation from pressure on the brain."

Max appeared with the black bag. Ignatius Wetzel selected two fearful instruments, bright and new, and hugged them to his bosom. "My little boys," he said, tenderly, as if they were two children; "my blessed little boys, come to work!" He turned to the assistant. "Do you remember the battle of Solferino, Max—and the Austrian soldier I operated on for a wound on the head?"

The assistant's sleepy eyes opened wide; he was evidently interested. "I remember," he said. "I held the candle." The master led the way to the bed.

"I am not satisfied with the result of that operation at Solferino," he said: "I have wanted to try again ever since. It's true that I saved the man's life, but I failed to give him back his reason along with it. It might have been something wrong in the operation, or it might have been something wrong in the man. Whichever it was, he will live and die mad. Now look here, my little Max, at this dear young lady on the bed. She gives me just what I wanted: here is the case at Solferino once more. You shall hold the candle again, my good boy; stand there, and look with all your eyes. I am going to try if I can save the life and the reason too this time."

He tucked up the cuffs of his coat and began the operation. As his fearful instrument touched Grace's head, the voice of the sentinel at the nearest outpost was heard, giving the word in German which permitted Mercy to take the first step on her journey to England:

"Pass the English lady!"

The operation ended. Ignatius Wetzel held up his hands for silence and put his ear close to the patient's mouth.

The first trembling breath of returning life fluttered over Grace Roseberry's lips, and touched the old man's cheek.

"Alive!" he cried. "Good girl! you breathe—you live!" As he spoke, the voice of the sentinel at the final limit of the German lines (barely audible in the distance) gave the word for the last time:

"Pass the English lady!"

SECOND SCENE — MABLETHORPE HOUSE.

PREAMBLE:

The place is England.
The time is Winter, in the year 1870.
The persons are, Julian Gray, Horace Holmcroft, Lady Janet Roy, Grace Roseberry, and Mercy Merrick.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY JANET'S COMPANION.

It is a glorious winter's day. The sky is clear, the frost is hard, and the ice bears for skating.

The dining room of the ancient mansion called Mablethorpe House, situated in the London suburb of Kensington, is famous among artists and other persons of taste for the carved woodwork, of Italian origin, which covers the walls on three sides. On the north side the march of modern improvement has broken in, and has varied and brightened the scene by means of a conservatory, forming an entrance to the room through a winter-garden of rare plants and flowers. On your right hand, as you stand fronting the conservatory, the monotony of the paneled wall is relieved by a quaintly patterned door of old inlaid wood, leading into the library, and thence across the great hall, to the other reception rooms of the house. A corresponding door on the left hand gives access to the billiard room, to the smoking-room, next to it, and to a smaller hall commanding one of the secondary entrances to the building. On the left side also is the ample fire piece, carved in the profusely and curiously ornate style of eighty years since. To the educated eye the dining room, with its modern furniture and conservatory, its ancient walls and doors, and its lofty mantel piece (but the very old nor very new), presents a startling, almost a revolutionary, mixture of the decorative workmanship of widely different schools. To the ignorant eye the one result produced is an impression of perfect luxury and comfort, united in the friendliest connection, and developed on the largest scale. The clock has just struck two. The table is spread for luncheon.

The persons seated at the table are three in number. First, Lady Janet Roy. Second, a young lady who is her reader and companion. Third, a guest staying in the house, who has already appeared in these pages under the name of Horace Holmcroft—attached to the German army as war correspondent of an English newspaper.

Lady Janet Roy needs but little introduction. Any body with the slightest pretension to experience in London society knows Lady Janet Roy.

Who has not heard of her old lace and her priceless rubies? Who has not admired her commanding figure, her beautifully white hair, her wonderful black eyes, which still preserve their youthful brightness, after first opening on the world seventy years since? Who has not felt the warmth of her frank, easy-flowing talk, her inexhaustible spirits, her good-humored, gracious sociability of manner? Where is the modern hermit who is not familiarly acquainted, by hearsay at least, with the fantastic novelty and humor of her opinions; with her generous encouragement of rising merit of any sort, in all ranks, high or low; with her charities, which know no distinction between abroad and at home; with her large indulgence, which no ingratitude can discourage, and no servility pervert? Every body has heard of the popular old lady—the childless widow of a long-forgotten lord. Every body knows Lady Janet Roy.

But who knows the handsome young woman standing at her right hand, playing with the fan which instead of eating? Nobody really knows her. She is prettily dressed in gray poplin, trimmed with gray velvet, and set off by a ribbon of deep red tied in a bow at the throat. She is nearly as tall as Lady Janet herself, and possesses a grace and beauty of figure not always seen in women who rise above the medium height. Judging by a certain innate grandeur in the carriage of her head and in the expression of her large melancholy gray eyes, believers in blood and breeding will be apt to guess that this is scion of noble lady. Alas! she is nothing but Lady Janet's companion and reader. Her head, crowned with its lovely light brown hair, bends with a gentle respect when Lady Janet speaks. Her fine hand is easily and incessantly watching to supply Lady Janet's slightest wants. The old lady—affectionately familiar with her—speaks to her as she might speak to an adopted child. But the gratitude of the beautiful companion has always the same restraint in its acknowledgments of kindness; the smile of the beautiful companion has always the same faint lurking sadness when it responds to Lady Janet's hearty laugh. Is there some wrong, some injustice under the surface suffering in mind, or suffering in body? What is the matter with her?

The matter with her is secret remorse. This delicate and beautiful creature lives under the slow torment of constant self-reproach. The mistress of the house, and the woman who inhabits it or enters it, she is known as Grace Roseberry, the orphan relative by marriage of Lady Janet Roy. To herself alone she knows as the outcast of the London streets; the inmate of the London Refuge; the lost woman who has stolen her way back—alter vainly trying to fight her way back—to Home and Name. There she sits in the grim shadow of her own terrible secret, disguised in another person's identity, and welcomed in another person's place. Mercy Merrick had only to dare, and to become Grace Roseberry if she pleased. She has dared, and she has been Grace Roseberry for nearly four months past.

At this moment, while Lady Janet is talking to Horace Holmcroft, something that has passed between them has set her thinking of the day when she took the first fatal step which committed her to the fraud.

How marvelously easy of accomplishment the act of personation had been! At first sight Lady Janet had yielded to the fascination of the noble and interesting face. No need to present the stolen letter: no need to repeat the ready-made story. The old lady had put the letter aside unopened, and had stopped the story at the first words. "Your face is your introduction, my dear; your father can say nothing for you which you have not already said for yourself." There was the welcome which established her firmly in her false identity at the outset. Thanks to her own experience, and thanks to the "Journal" of events at Rome, questions about her life in Canada, and questions about Colonel Roseberry's illness found her ready with answers which (even if suspicion had existed) would have disarmed suspicion on the spot. While the true Grace was slowly and painfully winning her way back to life on her bed in a German hospital, the false Grace was presented to Lady Janet's friends as the relative by marriage of the mistress of Mablethorpe House. From that time forward nothing had happened to rouse in her the faintest suspicion that Grace Roseberry was other than a dead-and-buried woman. So far as she now knew—she might live out her life in perfect security (if her conscience would let her), respected, distinguished, and beloved, in the position which she had usurped.

She rose abruptly from the table. The effort of her life was to shake herself free from the remembrances which haunted her perpetually as they were haunting her now. Her memory was her worst enemy; her one refuge from it was in change of occupation and change of scene.

"May I go into the conservatory, Lady Janet?" she asked.

"Certainly, my dear."

She bent her head to her protectress, looked for a moment with a steady, compassionate attention at Horace Holmcroft, and, slowly crossing the room, entered the winter-garden. The eyes of Horace followed her, as long as she was in view, with a curious contradictory expression of admiration and disapproval. When she had passed out of sight the admiration vanished, but the disapproval remained. The face of the young man contracted into a frown; he sat silent, with his fork in his hand, playing absently with the fragments on his plate.

"Take some French pie, Horace," said Lady Janet.

"No, thank you."

"Some more chicken, then?"

"No more chicken."

"Will nothing tempt you?"

"I will take some more wine, if you will allow me."

He filled his glass (for the fifth or sixth time) with claret, and emptied it sullenly at a draught. Lady Janet's bright eyes watched him with wakeful attention; Lady Janet's ready tongue spoke out as freely as usual what was passing in her mind at the time.

"The air of Kensington doesn't seem to suit you, my young friend," she said. "The longer you have been my guest, the oftener you fill your glass and empty your cigar-case. These are bad signs in a young man. When you first came here you arrived invalided by a wound. In your place, I should not have exposed myself to be shot, with no other object in view than describing a battle in a newspaper. I suppose tastes differ. Are you ill? Does your wound still plague you?"

"Not in the least."

"Are you out of spirits?"

Horace Holmcroft dropped his fork, rested his elbows on the table, and answered, "Awfully."

Even Lady Janet's large toleration had its limits. It embraced every human offense except a breach of good manners. She snatched up the nearest weapon of correction at hand—a tea-spoon—and tapped her young friend smartly with it on the arm that was nearest to her.

"My table is not the club table," said the old lady. "Hold up your head and don't look at your fork—look at me. I allow nobody to be out of spirits in My house. I consider it to be a reflection on Me. If your quiet life here doesn't suit you, say so plainly, and find something else to do. There is employment to be had, I suppose—if you choose to apply for it? You needn't smile. I don't want to see your teeth—I want an answer."

Horace admitted, with all needful gravity, that there was employment to be had. The war between France and Germany, he remarked, was still going on: the newspaper had offered to employ him again in the capacity of correspondent.

"Don't speak of the newspapers and the war!" cried Lady Janet, with a sudden explosion of anger, which was genuine enough this time. "I detest the newspapers! I won't allow the newspapers to enter this house. I lay the whole blame of the blood shed between France and Germany at their door."

Horace's eyes opened wide in amazement. The old lady was evidently in earnest. "What can you possibly mean?" he asked. "Are the newspapers responsible for the war?"

"Entirely responsible," answered Lady Janet. "Why, you don't understand these eye livelin! Does any body do any thing nowadays (fighting included) without wishing to see it in the newspapers? I subscribe to a charity; *them* interested with a testimonial; *he* preaches a sermon: *we* suffer for a grievance; *you* make a discovery; *they* go to church to get married. And I, thou, he, we, you, they, all want one and the same thing—we want to see it in the papers. Are kings, soldiers, and diplomatists exceptions to the general rule of humanity? Not they! I tell you, seriously, if the newspapers of Europe had one and all decided not to take the smallest notice in print of the war between France and Germany, it is my firm conviction the war would have come to an end for want of encouragement long since. Let the pen cease to advertise the sword, and I, for one, can see the result. No report—no fighting."

"Your views have the merit of perfect novelty, ma'm," said Horace. "Would you object to see them in the newspapers?"

Lady Janet worsted her young friend with his own weapons.

"Do I live in the latter part of the nineteenth century?" she asked. "In the newspapers, did you say? In large type, Horace, if you love me!"

Horace changed the subject.

"You blame me for being out of spirits," he said; "and you seem to think it is because I am tired of my pleasant life at Mablethorpe House. I am not in the least tired, Lady Janet." He looked toward the conservatory; the brown shawl itself on his face once more. "The truth is," he resumed, "I am not satisfied with Grace Roseberry."

"What has Grace done?"

He perkins in prolonging our engagement. Nothing will persuade her to fix the day for our marriage."

"Is it true, Mercy had been mad enough to listen to him, and to love him, but Grace was not vile enough to marry him under her false character, and in her true name. Between three and four months had elapsed since Horace had been sent home from the war, wounded, and found the faithful Egerton gentleman established at Mablethorpe House, invited to become Lady Janet's guest (he had passed his holidays as a school boy under Lady Janet's roof)—free to spend the idle time of his convalescence from morning till night in Mercy's society—the impression originally produced on him in the French cottage soon strengthened into love. Before the month was out Horace had declared himself, and had discovered that he spoke to willing ears. From that moment it was only a question of persisting long enough in the resolution to gain his point. The marriage engagement was ratified—most reluctantly on the lady's side—and there the further progress of Horace Holmcroft's suit came to an end. Try as he might, he failed to persuade his betrothed wife to fix the day for the marriage. There were no obstacles in her way. She had no near relations of her own to consult. As a connection of Lady Janet's by marriage, Horace's mother and sisters were ready to receive her with all the honors due to a new member of the family. No pecuniary considerations made it necessary, in this case, to wait for a favorable time. Horace was an only son; and he had succeeded to his father's estate with an ample income to support it. On both sides alike there was absolutely nothing to prevent the two young people from being married as soon as the settlements could be drawn. And yet, to all appearance, here was a long engagement in prospect, with no better reason than the lady's incomprehensible perversity to explain the delay.

"Can you account for Grace's conduct?" asked Lady Janet. Her manner changed as she put the question. She looked and spoke like a person who was perplexed and annoyed.

"I hardly like to own it," Horace answered, "but I am afraid she has some motive for deferring our marriage which she can not confide either to you or to me."

Lady Janet started.

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

"I have once or twice caught her in tears. Every now and then—sometimes when she is talking quite gaily—she suddenly changes color and becomes silent and depressed. Just now, when she left the table (didn't you notice it?) she looked at me in the strangest way—almost as if she was sorry for me. What do these things mean?"

Horace's reply, instead of increasing Lady Janet's anxiety, seemed to relieve it. He had observed nothing which she had not noticed herself. "You foolish boy!" she said, "the meaning is plain enough. Grace has been out of health for some time past. The doctor recommends change of air. I shall take her away with me."

"It would be more to the purpose," Horace rejoined, "if I took her away with me. She might consent, if you would only use your influence. Is it asking too much to ask you to persuade her? My mother and my sisters have written to her, and have produced no effect. Do me the greatest of all kindnesses—speak to her to-day!" He paused, and possessing himself of Lady Janet's hand, pressed it caressingly. "You have always been so good to me," he said, softly, and pressed it again.

The old lady looked at him. It was impossible to dispute that there were attractions in Horace Holmcroft's face which made it well worth looking at. Many a woman might have envied him his clear complexion, his bright blue eyes, and the warm amber tint in his light Saxon hair. Men—especially when skilled in observing physiognomy—might have noticed in the shape of his forehead and in the line of his upper lip the signs indicative of a moral nature deficient in largeness and breadth—of a mind easily accessible to strong prejudices, and obstinate in maintaining those prejudices in the face of conviction itself. To the observation of women these remote defects were too far below the surface to be visible. He charmed the sex in general by his rare personal advantages, and by the graceful deference of his manner. To Lady Janet he was endeared, not by his own merits only, but by old associations that were connected with him. His father had been one of her many admirers in her young days. Circumstances had parted them. Her marriage to another man had been a childless marriage. In past times, when the boy Horace had come to her from school, she had cherished a secret fancy (too absurd to be communicated to any living creature) that he ought to have been *her* son, and might have been her son, if she had married his father! She smiled charmingly, old as she was—she yielded as his mother might have yielded—when the young man took her hand and entreated her to interest herself in his marriage. "Must I really speak to Grace?" she asked, with a gentleness of tone and manner far from characteristic, on ordinary occasions, of the lady of Mablethorpe House. Horace saw that he had gained his point. He sprang to his feet; his eyes turned eagerly in the direction of the conservatory; his handsome face was radiant with hope. Lady Janet (with her mind full of his father) stole a last look at him, sighed as she thought of the vanished days, and recovered herself.

"Go to the smoking-room," she said, giving him a push toward the door. "Away with you, and cultivate the favorite vice of the Nineteenth Century." Horace attempted to express his gratitude. "Go and smoke!" was all she said, pushing him out. "Go and smoke!" Left by herself, Lady Janet took a turn in the room and considered a little.

Horace's discontent was not unreasonable. There was really no excuse for the delay of which he complained. Whether the young lady had a special motive for hanging back, or whether she was merely fretting because she did not know her own mind, it was, in either case, necessary to come to a distinct understanding, sooner or later, on the serious question of marriage. The difficulty was, how to approach the subject without giving offense. "I don't understand the young women of the present generation," thought Lady Janet. "In my time, when we were fond of a man, we were ready to marry him at a moment's notice. And this is an age of progress! They ought to be teacher still."

Arriving, by her own process of induction, at this inevitable conclusion, she decided to try what her influence could accomplish, and to trust to the inspiration of the moment for exerting it in the right way. "Grace!" she called out, approaching the conservatory door. The tall figure in its gray dress glided into view, and stood relieved against the green background of the Winter garden.

"Did your ladyship call me?"

"Yes; I want to speak to you. Come and sit down by me."

With these words Lady Janet led the way to a sofa, and placed her companion by her side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAID, WIFE OR WIDOW?

A Thrilling Story of English Life.

Showing How Youth Overmatched Cunning.

CHAPTER XII.

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

The scene in the drawing-room represented the ideal of domestic comfort. The fire of wood and coal mixed burned brightly; the lamp shed a soft glow of light; the echo shutters and the thick red curtains kept the cold night air on the other side of the two long windows, which opened on the lawn. Snug arm chairs were placed in every part of the room. In one of them Sir Joseph reclined fast asleep; in another, Miss Lavinia sat knitting; a third chair apart from the rest, near a round table in the center of the room, was occupied by Natalie. Her head was resting on her hand, an unread book lay open on her lap. She looked pale and harassed; her dress had become worn her down to the elbow of her former self. On entering the room, Turlington purposely closed the door with a bang. Natalie started. Miss Lavinia looked up reproachfully. The object was achieved—Sir Joseph was roused from his sleep.

"If you are going to the vicar's tonight, Grayhocke," said Turlington, "it's time you were off, isn't it?"

Sir Joseph rubbed his eyes, and looked at the clock on the mantle piece. "Yes, yes, Richard," he answered, drowsily, "I suppose I must go. Where is my hat?"

His sister and his daughter both joined in trying to persuade him to send an excuse instead of groping his way to the vicarage in the dark. Sir Joseph hesitated, as usual. He and the vicar had run up a sudden friendship, on their common enthusiasm for the old-fashioned game of backgammon. Victorious over his opponent on the previous evening at Turlington's house, Sir Joseph had promised to pass that evening at the vicarage, and give the vicar his revenge. Observing his indecision, Turlington cunningly irritated him by affecting to believe that he was really unwilling to venture out in the dark. "I'll see you safe across the church-yard," he said; "and the vicar's servant will see you safe back." The tone in which he spoke instantly roused Sir Joseph. "I am not in my second childhood yet, Richard," he replied, testily. "I can find my way by myself." He kissed his daughter on the forehead. "No fear, Natalie. I shall be back in time for the mulled claret. No, Richard, I won't trouble you." He kissed his sister and went out into the hall for his hat; Turlington followed him with a rough apology and asking as a favor to be permitted to accompany him part of the way only. The ladies, left behind in the drawing-room, heard the apology accepted by kind-hearted Sir Joseph. The two went out together.

"Have you noticed Richard since his return?" asked Miss Lavinia. "I fancy he must have heard bad news in London. He looks as if he had something on his mind."

"I haven't remarked it, aunt,"

For the time, no more was said. Miss Lavinia went monotonously on with her knitting. Natalie pursued her own anxious troughts over the unread pages of the book in her lap. Suddenly the deep silence out of doors and in was broken by a shrill whistle, sounding from the direction of the church-yard. Natalie started with a faint cry of alarm. Miss Lavinia looked up from her knitting.

"My dear child, your nerves must be sadly out of order. What is there to be frightened at?"

"I am not very well, aunt. It is so still here at night, the slightest noise startles me."

There was another interval of silence. It was past nine o'clock when they heard the back door opened and closed again. Turlington came hurriedly into the drawing room, as if he had some reason for wishing to rejoin the ladies as soon as possible. To the surprise of both of them, he sat down abruptly in the corner, with his face to the wall, and took up the newspaper, without casting a look at them or uttering a word.

"Is Joseph safe at the vicarage?" asked Miss Lavinia.

"All right." He gave the answer in a short, surly tone, still without looking round.

Miss Lavinia tried him again. "Did you hear a whistle while you were out? It quite startled Natalie in the stillness of this place."

He turned half-way round. "My shepherd, I suppose," he said after a pause—"whistled for his dog." He turned back again and immersed himself in his newspaper.

Miss Lavinia beckoned to her niece and pointed significantly to Turlington. After one reluctant look at him, Natalie laid her head wearily on her aunt's shoulder, "Sleepy, my dear?" whispered the old lady. "Uneasy, aunt—I don't know why," Natalie whispered back. "I would give the world to be in London and to hear the carriages going by, and the people talking in the street."

Turlington suddenly dropped his newspaper. "What's the secret between you two?" he called out roughly. "What are you whispering about?"

"We wish not to disturb you over your reading, that is all," said Miss Lavinia, coldly. "Has anything happened to vex you, Richard?"

"What the devil makes you think that?"

The old lady was offended, and showed it by saying nothing more. Natalie nestled closer to her aunt. One after other the clock ticked off the minutes with painful distinctness in the stillness of the room. Turlington suddenly threw aside the newspaper and left his corner. "Let's be good friends!" he burst out, with a clumsy assumption of gayety. "This isn't keeping Christmas-eve. Let's talk and be sociable, my dear Natalie!" He threw his arm roughly round Natalie, and drew her by main force away from her aunt. She turned deadly pale, and struggled to release herself. "I am suffering—am suffering—I am ill—let me go!" He was deaf to her entreaties. "What! your husband that is to be, treated in this way? Mustn't I have a kiss?—I will!" He held her closer with one hand, and, seizing her head with the other, tried to turn her lips to him. She resisted with the hatred nervous strength which the weakest woman living has in reserve when she is outraged. Half indignant, half terrified, at Turlington's roughness Miss Lavinia rose to interfere. In a moment more he would have had two women to overpower instead of one, when a noise outside the window suddenly suspended the ignoble struggle.

There was a sound of footsteps on the gravel-walk which ran between the house wall and the garden lawn. It was followed by a tap—a single faint tap, no more—on one of the panes of glass.

They all three stood still. For a moment more nothing was audible. Then there was a heavy shock, as of something falling outside. Then a groan then another interval of silence—a long silence, interrupted no more.

Turlington's arm dropped from Natalie. She drew back to her aunt. Looking at him instinctively, in the natural expectation that he would take the lead in penetrating the mystery of what had happened outside the window, the two women were thunderstruck to see that he was, to all appearance, even more startled and more helpless than they were. "Richard," said Miss Lavania, pointing to the window, "there is something wrong out there. See what it is."

He stood motionless, as if he had not heard her, his eyes fixed on the window, his face turned away with horror.

The silence outside was broken once more; this time by a call for help.

A cry of horror burst from Natalie. The voice outside—rising widly, then suddenly dying away again—was not entirely strange to *her* ears. She tore aside the curtain. With voice and hand she roused her aunt to hold her. The two lifted the heavy bar from its socket; they opened the shutters and the window. The cheerful light of the room flowed out over the body of a prostrate man, lying on his face. They turned him over. Natalie lifted his head.

Her father!

His face was bedabbled with blood. A wound, a frightful wound, was visible on the side of his bare head, high above the ear. He looked at her, his eyes recognized her, before he fainted again in her arms. His hands and his clothes were covered with earth stains. He must have traversed some distance; in that dreadful condition he must have fallowed and fallen more than once before he reached the house. His sister wiped the blood from his face. His daughter called on him incoherently to forgive her (he called—the hardest, gentle, kindhearted father, who had never said a hard word to her!) for whom she had deceived!

The terrified servants hurried into the room. Their appearance roused their master from the extraordinary stupor that had seized him. He was at the window before the footman could get there. They lifted Sir Joseph into the room, and laid him on the sofa. Natalie knelt by him,

THE WEEKLY

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1879

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

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Please remember that we CANNOT ALLOW COMMISSIONS on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY TWO WEEKS.

THE cable brings a sad report of the condition of things in Cashmere. A repetition of the starving process seems to be highly probable.

WHAT is the matter with Jefferson D? He refuses to be present at the unveiling of the Confederate Monument in Columbia, S. C., next month.

LOUISIANA planters are trying to frighten the negros by telling them that the people of Kansas are making slaves of colored people who go there.

TILDEN'S organ in Chicago has succumbed, after a pitiful existence of just two months. The employes, who were badly left in the lurch propose to revive the sheet as a Democratic Workingman's Organ.

NEW HAVEN *Register*: The four-year old child is an admirable nucleus for a circus party. As many as 15 persons have been known to take an afternoon off just to "see that the elephant didn't step on the little fellow."

EX-SECRETARY BOUTWELL firmly believes that Gen. GRANT will be the next President. He says: "The country is now in the same situation as in 1861. The same enemy is to be contended with, and his armies are the same, but are being pushed in a different way."

WHEN the very wicked become suddenly and radically pious, it is certain they know their end is nigh. Sen. EATON threatens that the Democratic Congress will pass a bill containing the commandments, that the President may try a veto upon it.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: "An ounce of Presidential back-bone two years ago would have done better service than a ton of it at the present time." Better late than never, though. The patriots of the Nation are only too glad to have it firmly set at this time.

MYRA CLARK GAINES having laid claim to the principal part of the United States at one time or another, has now concluded to turn her attention for a brief time from law to books. She has decided to found a great library, which will probably be located at New Orleans.

THE Democrats, having been twice defeated in their attempts to force legislation, are now beginning to talk about "appealing to the country." Let them be perfectly easy on this point. The country has taken the subject in hand and they will hear from it next Fall, and the response will not be at all ambiguous.

THE path of the Porte does not seem to be strewn with roses. England and France both have their ends to gain, and rest their support of the Turkish Government financial scheme upon its compliance with their wishes. Of course the Porte will be compelled to yield in the end as it has no strength to defy the other powers.

UTAH has some splendid land for agricultural purposes, and if the inhabitants will only go to work in the right way there is hope for them yet. AHMED VEFYK Pasha has lately drained several thousand acres of swamp land in the plains of Broussa, and will set Mussleman refugees at work planting and sowing it. He has done a good work for his countrymen.

IT is said that a crafty politician at Washington approached President Hayes a few days since with an intimation of a second term for him being among the possibilities of the future. "Sir," said Mr. Hayes, "have you ever read my letter of acceptance?" The tone and manner of his saying it were quite sufficient, and the subject of the conversation was changed.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial* has received by a private letter reliable information that there are now encamped upon the banks of the Lower Mississippi, 3,500 colored people, who are anxious to get up the river. The river packets miss the landings purposely, and the poor creatures are eating up whatever they possess, and will soon be in a starving condition. Can nothing be done for them?

THE good old Puritan State of Massachusetts is in a bad way. Lately, the Supreme Court held a session in Barnstable, and 30 girls from Cape Cod applied for a divorce. Everything else but domestic matters seemed to be quiet in that locality, since during the 10 days sitting of the Court only two other matters were brought before it for consideration. The applicants were successful in every case, because they plead three years desertion and the State law accords a divorce upon that ground. Thirty couples were united, therefore, and made ready to try their fortunes over again.

WHAT NEXT?

The chief matter of special interest a this moment, is to learn what is to be next move of the Confederate forces in their present campaign against the United States. They sat out last Winter with a program carefully considered and prepared, which they could not doubt would result in complete victory over all opposition and leave them masters of the field and of the Government. They at first calculated, tha with the House alone they would be able to command both the Senate and the President, by seizing the baggage-train, consisting of the public treasury, and withholding supplies from the Government. This movement was a failure, to be sure; but it did not discourage the Brigadiers, who at once set about a more comprehensive campaign, which, they were assured could not fail of success. This consisted in forcing an extra session, in which, reinforced by the command of the Senate, they saw nothing in the way of the ready and early subjugation of the Executive. That he should dare to stand out against both Houses of Congress under Confederate command, and take the responsibility of the failure of appropriations necessary to the support of the Government, they could not for a moment believe. He was not that sort of a man. All they had to do, was to present to him the usual appropriation bills, with such political legislation attached as they might see fit, and he would feel compelled to approve them.

Well, this scheme was duly entered upon. The extra session was called and has been going on since March 19th, nearly two months. The Army Appropriation bill, with the Confederate attachment, has been passed, and vetoed. The attachment, being slightly changed, has been separately passed and separately vetoed; and now the country curiously awaits the next movement of the Brigadiers. What that is to be, cannot long remain a mystery. Something must soon be done. Various conjectures are entertained as to what this will be. Among Republicans and more intelligent and candid Democrats, there is but one opinion on that point, and that is, that the Confederate forces must again come to Appomattox. But many of the leaders, like the Confederate commanders at Richmond, when GRANT and SHERMAN had "bottled them up," affect defiance and talk again of "the last ditch." Thus, "a leading Democratic Senator" is reported as saying that the most probable course of his party will be, first, to pass the Legislative appropriation bill, with its Confederate attachment, which is expected to be vetoed. Then they will pass a bill repealing the test oath for jurors and modifying the Marshals and Supervisors laws. In case these should be vetoed, appropriations will be made for the Executive Departments and the Committees, but nothing for the Army or Marshals and Supervisors. In that case, says this "leading Democratic Senator," "there will be no Army." He further states that there is on foot—among the Confederates, of course—a movement looking to the reduction of the Army to 10,000 men and the abolishment of the office of General of the Army. This Senator does not know of a single Democratic member in favor of temporary appropriations, to carry on the Government until Congress shall meet in December.

While such is the aspect which the "die-in-the-last ditch" chaps are anxious to give to the situation, the indications are very plain that they are vacating Richmond as rapidly as they deem consistent with avoidance of public observation. With them it is a question of ways and means for most rapid evacuation. They know that they have virtually reached the end of their rope, and that nothing remains but surrender. Whatever may have been their madness at the outset they now have no idea of adjourning without making appropriations for carrying on the Government. They know that in no other possible way could they so effectually play into the hands of the Republicans, as by such revolutionary action. They never seriously contemplated such folly, except as a bull-dozing resort, to operate on the President, who don't seem to be susceptible to such treatment. These arrant braggarts, every one of them, will be careful to see that his own salary and mileage are provided for before he votes for adjournment, and few of them will have the cheek to vote their own pay, and deny that of the soldiers. It may take some weeks for them to deploy march and counter-march sufficiently to give what grace they may deem possible to their ignominious movement back to the Confederate camp; but that is all they are waiting for. Nothing else now detains them in Washington. They are not "waiting till the marble of the Capitol crumbles before they yield," as much as a short time since they promised to do. They will "yield," regardless of what the "marble" does. In fact, that material in its "yielding" qualities, is too much like the President for their purposes.

There is fun ahead—nothing but fun. The supposed tragic parts of the play are now all through with, and nothing remains but the "after piece," which promises largely in amusement. And this will by no means be over when the Congressional curtain drops. The performers in the farce have to return "to the bosoms of their constituents," and there undertake to explain how it was that they came to "bite off more than they could chaw"—an act which the average Democratic constituency do not regard as the thing for a Democratic statesman to do. There is "our FRANK," for instance. It will be "as good as a circus" to see and hear him here wrestling with that question. He is one of the "original JACOBS" in the "TILDEN or-Blood" way of doing things. We have a Government of the United States, in disregard of his advice and in defiance of his efforts during the rebellion and since. No Confederate went to Washington last March with a more fixed purpose than did he; for he was to stand with "the everlasting hills" when the calcareo-argillaceous pile that now graces Capitol Hill, should have "yielded" to time's slow approach. Mahomedan firmness was nothing to that with which he and his Democratic associates were to resist Republican obstinacy. Hence, the special curiosity with which our citizens will await the return of our Representative to their midst. And what is in store for them, is reserved for about a gross of other constituencies, before whom the same process of explanation is to be gone through with. Is there not fun ahead?

THE British Government of India offers a long four and a half per cent. loan of only $25,000,000, and is delighted to find takers of it at 94, while our United States four and a half per cents are quoted above 107.

SOUTHERN REGARD FOR LAW.

It is a constant claim by the Confederate leaders, that all the trouble between the National Government and the people of the South has its source in questions of a political nature. They point to the policy of the Government as oppressive to the white race and partial to the blacks in political matters, and to that attribute every act and feeling of antagonism to authority shown by the whites of the South. They are constantly declaring on the floor of Congress and through their press, that the "Southern people"—as they call the Democrats of that section—are now thoroughly loyal to National authority and seek to be obedient to the laws, and that all that is needed to the most complete amity, is the removal of the political oppression to which they have been subjected. Thus, their hostility to the army is ascribed wholly to the apprehension that it is likely to be used in controlling the elections at the South.

How much justice there is in this claim of obedience to law at the South is shown by the report of Gen. RAUM, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, just transmitted to the Senate by the Secretary of the Treasury, in which is given a statement of the experience of Revenue officers in the collection of taxes at the South. The country has heard, from time to time, something of these, but no justice has been had of the real facts of the case. Such a picture of fraud, lawlessness and violence, should arouse law-abiding American people to some just sense of the condition of things in that section of the country, and lead them to the adoption of means for giving power and effect to the National authority. Outside Mexico or some of the South American countries, no parallel to that showing can be found on this continent.

The Commissioner's report is too voluminous for reproduction in the BLADE, but it should be given the most free circulation possible. In no other way can the true condition of things at the South be so readily presented to the country. It shows beyond all question, that nearly the entire South is pervaded by a spirit of lawlessness and violence, which subjects all law to the will of the populace, and makes its enforcement difficult and often dangerous to those charged with such duty. In proof of this statement, it is only necessary to present the following table, showing the number of illicit stills seized, and persons arrested for illicit distillation in the United States; together with the number of Revenue officers and employes killed and wounded, from July 1, 1876, to April 1, 1879:

State.	Stills seized.	Persons arrested.	Killed.	Wounded.
Alabama	172	778	1	.....
Arkansas	31	33	1	.....
California	6	2	.....	.....
Connecticut	1	1	.....	.....
Georgia	471	1,473	5	8
Illinois	12	10	.....	.....
Indiana	15	1	.....	.....
Kentucky	114	231	1	4
Louisiana	6	1	.....	.....
Maine	.....	1	.....	.....
Maryland	3	2	.....	.....
Massachusetts	2	2	.....	.....
Mississippi	21	13	.....	.....
Missouri	5	13	.....	.....
New Jersey	17	10	.....	.....
Nebraska	1	1	.....	.....
North Carolina	758	853	2	8
New York	68	54	.....	1
Ohio	19	8	.....	.....
Pennsylvania	11	9	.....	.....
South Carolina	199	267	2	6
Tennessee	417	903	7	5
Texas	9	5	.....	.....
Vermont	2	2	.....	.....
Virginia	125	207	1	2
Wisconsin	5	3	.....	.....
West Virginia	73	47	.....	1
	2,638	5,452	20	25

We here find, that of the 2,638 illicit stills seized in the United States, 2,410, or over 82 per cent. were found in 10 States, and 22, or less than eight per cent, in the remaining 28 States; that of the 5,452 arrests made, 5,058, or over 92 per cent., were in the same 10 States, and less that eight per cent. in the remaining 28 States; and that 19 of 20 officers killed, and 34 of the 35 officers wounded, were in the 10 States.

In the enforcement of the Revenue laws in the United States for the same period, there was expended from the special appropriation for "punishment for violations of Internal Revenue laws," from January 1, 1877, to May 1, 1879, for the discovery and punishment of frauds upon the Internal Revenue laws, exclusive of expenses of collections, etc., the sum of $155,671.65. The following table shows where this money was used, as it also will show the proportion of revenue paid by the 10 States where the collection of taxes has been found so difficult.

States.	Amounts Expended.	Taxes Collected.
Alabama	$5,313	$1,7,969 57
Arkansas	1,203	115,735 77
Georgia	20,907	333,579 90
Kentucky	20,043	6,880,624 05
Louisiana	4,179	88,8 1 03
North Carolina	27,478	1,818,469 12
South Carolina	16 029	119,241 69
Tennessee	22 543	814,485 08
Virginia	8,858	6,501,536 09
West Virginia	5,518	320,471 57
	$132,671	$17,194,481 91
Other 28 States	26 203	93,459,681 46
Totals	$158,874	$110,654,163 37

It is thus shown, that while only 15 per cent. of the taxes collected came from the 10 States named, 92 per cent. of the extraordinary expenses in that connection were met in those States. That is to say, for every $1,000 collected in those States, the extra expenses were $8; whereas, for each $1,000 collected in the other States, this expenditure was only *forty cents*, thus showing that the proportion of such expenditure is as 20 to 1 against the 10 States.

But the dollars and cents involved in this matter are as nothing, compared with its moral and political considerations. The pervading lawlessness and disregard, even of life, which alone could make such state of things possible, is truly alarming, and challenges the most serious attention of the country, as well as of the Government. The details given by the Commissioner of the systematic defiance of law and deliberate murders of its officers, are startling. No less than 19 officials have been killed and 34 wounded in the discharge of their duty. A posse of Deputy Collectors receive no more consideration in many parts of the South, than would so many Mexican raiders on the border of Texas, and little less than did the Union soldiers during the rebellion. And this, not alone at the hands of the "moonshiners" engaged in frauds on the revenue, but also from the mass of the population, whose sympathies and efforts were in support of the lawless distillers. And far worse even than this, the State authorities were not wanting in their support of the violators of the law. Up to this date, not a man of all these transgressors has been called to account under the State laws—not even the most notorious of the murderers of Revenue officers, has been interfered with. On the contrary, every resort has been made by local officials, under State laws, to shield the criminals and to punish, instead, the Government agents. In one case, these latter have been three times indicted, and as often released by the United States Court; while no indictment could be found for the real criminals. Thus do the State authorities treat the National Government as an intruder, a "foreign power," to be balked and defeated in all practicable ways. And even this is not all. While Southern desperadoes are openly rampling the law under foot, and the public sentiment sustains them in such action, and the State authorities protect them; we find Southern members of Congress co operating, by opposing appropriations necessary to enforce the laws, and especially by efforts to destroy the military force indispensable to such purpose. The United States army is not hated so much for any liability to its use in elections, as in enforcing the Revenue laws. Many a Southern District is controlled by "moonshiners," whose tools in Congress are seeking, in their interests, to break down the National authority at the South.

Another fact should not be overlooked in this connection, to-wit: That the lawless "moonshiners," with scarcely an exception, come from what the Democrats delight to call "the brains of the South;" or, as Mr. THURMAN would state it, the "intelligence and wealth," which he holds should always govern. The colored people seem to be now as unanimous in their obedience to law as during the rebellion they were loyal to the Union. It is left to "the brains," "the intelligence," to monopolize alike lawlessness and treason. The "South" is as "solid" for fraud and violence, as it is for the Democratic party.

ENGLISH FARMERS.

A great many different reasons are given for the present agricultural depression in England. One member of the House of Commons declares it to be the result of exceptionally bad harvests for the four years past. Another gentleman, and one whose opinion is worthy of attention, says that last year's crop is a full average one, and that the trouble arises from the disinclination of the British farmer to work as hard as his American brethren, and that the need is great for him to contribute more personal labor to carrying on his farm. Another refers the depression to the advanced price of labor, and the greater expense of living. Luxuries are now demanded where only extreme simplicity can be supplied.

Without doubt there is a grain of truth in all of these theories. Each and every one may have contributed to bring on the present condition of things, but it cannot be referred to any one alone. Trouble in one branch of industry causes trouble in all. The manufacturing interests of Great Britain have suffered terribly. Money to buy the necessaries of life has grown scarce among the thousands upon thousands of operatives, and this of itself would be a reason for a failing of prosperity in the farming regions. The latter are the last to feel a disturbance in commercial matters, but they must in time be affected.

If English farmers find themselves overcrowded, there are broad fields elsewhere waiting for the tiller, and emigration would cure many of the ills from which he is now suffering.

COMING ON FOOT.

That the negroes are in earnest about getting away from the South, and that it is no fleeting excitement, may be known from the fact that since the refusal of the steamboat Captains to allow them to take passage upon their boats either with or without the payment of passage money, they are coming up on foot in large numbers, making their way along as best they can, in thorough earnest about one thing, and that is to get away from wrong and oppression, to some place where they can have a chance to live. Although there now seems a lull in the exodus, a few weeks will bring into the Northern States thousands of poor, weary creatures, who have walked the whole dreary distance from the cotton plantation thither. If any confirmation was needed of the statement that the fleeing of the colored people in such masses was not due to the arts of political or railroad agents, it lies in the fact that they are willing to face any privation, trial, or danger to escape from their present condition. Such determination as this in a race so prone to indolence and so lacking in self-assertion, proves that their grievances are real, and no longer to be endured.

This phase of the emigration, brought on by the arbitrary decision of the planters, that they shall not go, carries us back to the old days of slavery when the underground railroads were brought into play. Fortunately, no legal right over the bodies of the flying blacks now exists, by which they may be compelled to return to a life grown so hateful. Aside from the fear of recapture, however, their sufferings will be much the same, for little charity will be extended to the refugees until they cross the boundaries of the Northern States. And when they get here the solution of the problem of what to do with them, will be intensified with difficulty, as the number to be disposed of will have grown so much larger.

SUNDAY LAWS.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, in commenting upon the recent movement in that City to obtain a better observance of the Sabbath, calls attention to the fact that every State in the Union except Louisiana has a law of some kind upon its statute book in regard to Sunday keeping, and that all of them are fashioned after the Lord's Day Act, promulgated in England in the time of Charles II. In most of them, however, the rigid execution of these statutes has been greatly modified, and in some cases the law itself. South Carolina is the only one that retains its legislation to compel attendance upon religious services, upon pain of the forfeiture of the sum of $1.

The *Inter-Ocean* also refers in the following manner to a late occurrence in New Jersey, which has been already mentioned in the columns of the BLADE:

"The saloon keepers of Newark, finding their business interfered with by prosecutions under that clause of the Sunday law which prohibits liquor-selling on that day, last month organized themselves into a Citizens' Protective Association, with the avowed purpose of compelling the observance of all the provisions of the law, and thus rendering it so unpopular as to secure its repeal. According ly notices were sent to "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker," that they, as well as the saloon keepers, must shut up shop on Sundays. The result was that pretty much everything was brought to a standstill in Newark on the last two Sundays in April, and those who offended were dealt with according to law. Complaints were entered against dealers in newspapers, cigars, and provisions, barbers, bakers, milkmen, publishers, proprietors of manufacturing establishments, railroad companies, livery stable men, and people who indulge in carriage riding. Half a hundred arrests were made, and steps were taken to procure indictments before the Grand Jury. Believing that their purpose had been accomplished, the members of the association rested from their labors last week, and the world wags again in its usual way at Newark.

HOW SOUTH CAROLINA LOOKS AT IT.

A writer in the Charleston *News* tries to show the planters of that State that the exodus of the negros to the North will prove a blessing to the South. He supposes the movement of the negros northward to be induced by speculators, who will be, he thinks, wofully disappointed in their immigrants. He, therefore, judges it expedient to depopulate South Carolina of its colored inhabitants, and proposes to supply their places "with a sturdy yeomanry of the Teutonic and Anglo Saxon races." The South, according to this philosopher, owes its bad luck to "the curse of having those millions of inferior creatures to remain in our midst as so many steam brakes upon the wheels of progress." It is also added that "the negro must leave, or the white man will never come to the South." A partiality is expressed for Irish immigration, as the Irishman is "a natural Democrat," though Germans would be gladly welcomed.

But the Irish and German immigration will not, to any considerable extent, go to the far South. Nor would it go if every negro and mulatto were removed from it, unless upon the condition that the ruling element in white society should also kindly consent to vacate the premises. The European immigrants, before leaving the land of their birth, have had enough of serfdom, and they know enough to seek locations where they can be independent land owners, and enjoy the largest personal privileges. The same trouble would spring up with white laborers, could they within a single month take the territory now occupied by the colored people. The spirit of tyranny which now grinds the colored man into the dust is really no respecter of persons or races. It devours men of one nationality as greedily as those of another. The same oppression and intolerance which makes it impossible for a race inured to hardship by life long experience to bear the added torments of later days, would drive away, in a very short time, any other race which should attempt to take their labor tasks upon them.

Besides, European immigrants want to become, and ought to become, independent land-owners. The South has not yet learned, and is not willing to be taught, that no homeless race can be made content in this broad land, where "millions of hands want acres, and millions of acres want hands." Southern land-owners will not sell lands to the negros. They would not be disposed to sell largely to any other class of workers. Land monopoly is one of the evils of the South, in connection with contempt for the laborer. The writer in the *News* complains that lands in the planting region are so low in price, and because "poor old Charleston" does not prive, as do our Northern cities, and ascribes the difference to the presence, in large numbers, of "an inferior race." Our most prosperous cities and communities have a larger variety of inferior and vicious races and characters than any Southern City or State has, and still they prosper. The Northern cities do not thrive in consequence of having a large thriftless, or vicious element, but in spite of it. The secret of their success is that they respect free labor, give it a fair chance, and are enriched by it.

The negro exodus had to be. It is an inevitable and necessary discipline. It is not altogether pleasant, but it indicates a new stage of progress, and the bringing in of a better day for the South and for the whole country. Great evils suggest sometimes, and lead to the employment of, the means by which their own cure comes. The free laborer of the South, poor and helpless as he is, is not so badly off as he was when he was a slave. By the light and guidance of the North Star thousands of slaves got away from bondage. Now the colored man can leave in daylight, and no bloodhounds nor United States Marshals can track his steps to return him to his oppressors. For a little while steamboat owners may refuse to carry the poor victims of oppression to a land where homesteads may be had, and where just men and just laws bear rule; but the same humane enterprise which operated the underground railroad will provide abundant transportation for black emigrants as well as for white ones. Very soon a black man wanting to go to Kansas will be carried as readily by rail car and steamboat as his former rebel master would be, and on the same terms. And then the South must do justly by its workers—or its planters must do their own work.

The grand and essential lesson which the South must learn is that no landless race can ever be a thrifty one. If an "inferior" race is an eye sore and burden, let the "superior" race allow a chance for homes and schools to elevate them somewhat. Let the "superior" race take off the loads which they bind on the shoulders of the inferior race, and both will find their condition improved.

SECRET OPERATIONS.

One peculiarity of the present condition of affairs in Russia is the secrecy which envelops the movements of the Nihilists like an impenetrable veil. The police find it utterly impossible to gain any clue to the perpetrators of many of the offences which strike terror to the hearts of the Government officials, and consequently they are working almost entirely in the dark. It is probable that a large share of those arrested are in ignorance as to what they are accused, and the effect of such arbitrary treatment is only to intensify the hatred against the Czar, his ministers and adherents.

The Nihilist leaders have the most perfect control of their followers. Their orders are most unhesitatingly obeyed, no matter what the danger which is involved. Singular as it may seem, the people who are so ready to sacrifice their lives to accomplish these things, are entirely in ignorance of the names and identity of those whose bidding is law to them. Their fidelity to any trust is almost unquestionable. This may result both from devotion to the cause and fear of consequences for the punishment of the few who have betrayed the secrets confided to them has been swift and certain.

The spirit of revolution is everywhere throughout Russia, and appears in the most unexpected places. The Government finds it hard to fight something which has resistless power, and yet that is intangible until its operations are felt. The struggle is already an uneven one, and it does not take a prophet to foretell that this great Empire will be shaken from its centre to circumference, ere peace, and order, and security will reign triumphant.

THE new ten-dollar certificates are everywhere popular. Arrangements are being made to issue $2,000,000 a day to supply the steadily increasing demand.

OLD SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

Another Added.

To "Illinois," Author of "Andersonville:"

COMRADE—What shall I say after the lapse of many years? I have read many letters and testimonials in the BLADE in regard to the prison sketches. I will add another to the number. I was a member of Company I, 101st Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, and among the Plymouth Pilgrims. The company passed through many battles, and was reduced to 41 men when at the time we went into prison, 13 of that number came out, and two died before reaching our own camp. For some time before leaving Florence I was incapable of caring for myself. And now, I feel quite perceptibly the effects of the treatment I received at Charleston, Andersonville and Florence prison pens. Comrade, you may write the whole truth, and picture it with the skill of an artist, and still the tale will *be not all told*, for its horrors can only fully be understood by experience. If there were no living witnesses to verify the Andersonville sketches, surely the very bones of 13,000 murdered of Andersonville would cry out, and declare its truth. And yet the murderers go "scott free," except Wirz, and all this in a Christian land. If there had not been so many men in the North crying "peace, peace, when there was no peace," we would not have been obliged to suffer so long. And now that same element is dominant in our legislative halls, with 73 Rebel Generals in Congress, and 19 in the Senate; surely this savors well for the "Lost Cause." As to pensioning Jeff. Davis, why not give him a double portion, pension him for the last war he was in, as well as the Mexican war? "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and if they did not possess the audacity of double distilled traitors, they would not have claimed any of the charities of the Government for him, when he so wantonly tried to destroy it. The subordinates of Jeff. Davis not only murdered the prisoners by starvation but by methods of torture not surpassed by the dark ages, in many instances shooting down helpless men, for no apparent reason, only to get a "Yank" out of the way. In comparing the number of troops they had to guard Andersonville, a few regiments, it is evident that these few regiments done much more service than 50,000 Rebels in the field. This stain of ignoring the treatment of our men at Andersonville cannot be forgotten. They cannot deny that they could have improved our condition; they could have given us some means of shelter in that wooded country; they could have enlarged the prison and given us more room, which would have lessened the deaths in the prison.

We might consign to oblivion the treasonable acts against a Government that had given them every reasonable right, but the assassination of the President, the unparalleled treatment of helpless victims confined in the prison pens, will remain a blight to this Nation for all time. The prisoners were permitted to go out in squads for wood. Comrade C. K. Keche and I taking advantage of a heavy rain storm, made our escape northward as best we could traveling nights. But through the vigilance of the citizens and the well-trained bloodhounds, we were re-captured and taken back to Andersonville, had a hearing before Wirz and were consigned to the "chain gang." Twelve men were chained together, a chain being attached to each ankle; also, a 32-pound ball with a chain connecting each neck. In this condition we remained several weeks, ill with diarrhea, and unable to rest. Comrade, in all kindness, let me say to you, may your influence, your vote, your prayers, always be on the side of liberty and the Union, and God will do the rest.

J. W. WILSON,
Oakland Roads, Westmoreland Co., Pa.
April 15, 1879.

Vouch for the Truth.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

I am very much interested in "Andersonville." I, too, was a prisoner in that horrible place. I can vouch for the truth of the account of the terrible sufferings of United States soldiers, who were so unfortunate as to be confined in that foul den. I think the author is mistaken, in speaking of the spring bursting out on the north side. He thinks it was a dispensation of Providence. I was camped close to where the spring is said to have bursted. I do not think there was anything miraculous about it. The facts are: In August Wirz was taken ill, and Lieut. Davis was put in command. There was a spring between the dead line and the stockade, and Davis furnished the working squad with some six and five-inch boards, and they nailed them together like a trough, and placed it on some forks and conducted the water from the spring to the prison. I stood near and watched the men nailing the boards together to turn the water inside, and know Providence had nothing to do with it. I also was at Savannah, and saw the man killed for picking up a board. I could not but think he got his just dues, for he belonged to my detachment and was the meanest Butternut I ever knew. While he was on the cars he boasted that the Rebels would not keep him long. He said that any man who would vote for Lincoln ought to rot in prison. He did not have a great deal of sympathy for any one. I was taken from Savannah to Millen, from there to Blackshear, then to Savannah again, then to Florence, then sent to Wilmington for exchange.

S. P. HAWK,
Formerly of Co. B, 40th O. V. I.
Harveysburg, O., April 27, 1879.

Not Half Bad Enough.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

I was a member of the 23d Army Corps, and we went into Wilmington, N. C., on the 22d of February, 1865. In the course of a day or two there were several thousand Union prisoners, who had been in a Rebel prison a few miles up the Cape Fear River, above Wilmington. If the prisoners your correspondent writes about in Andersonville, were like those released at Wilmington, his description is *not half bad enough*. Those who were able to walk from the prison to Wilmington, were the most emaciated set of walking skeletons it was ever my luck to see. The "walking skeletons," who were on exhibition at a show, were fat men compared with those fellows from the prison pen above Wilmington. "Andersonville" is the best thing that has ever appeared in the BLADE. It must be published in book form, and a copy of it placed before every voter in the United States. There should be a copy of it on every desk, in both Houses at Washington. I would like to see a copy thrust into the faces of those Rebel officers, who are now in Congress and the Senate. "Andersonville" will make more Republican votes than anything that could be invented to achieve that purpose. We all know the truth of "Mc's" statements, and it has stirred up the old feeling that was *asleep*, but is now broad awake.

L. M. FARR.
Griggs Corners, Ashtabula Co., O.
April 30, 1879.

An Eye Witness.

To the Editor of the BLADE:

Many of my Andersonville comrades have indorsed the "Andersonville" story; I, too, will say that I was held in that vile pen nine months, and was in all the prisons described in the story, excepting Richmond. Many things "Illinois" tells of I was a witness to, and they are all true. Pen cannot portray the sufferings and torture of that place. When I was captured my weight was 150 pounds; when I left my weight was 95 pounds. I was a perfect skeleton—I cannot say a walking one, for I could not walk without support, or help myself upon the cars. I am still alive, what there is left of me, and I do not go in for pardoning Jeff Davis.

JAMES M. WILCOX,
Late Co. D, 95th Reg't O. V. I.
Worthington, Franklin Co., O., May 1.

THE SOUTHERN EXODUS.

Interesting Interview With One of the Eastern Sympathizers.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Frequent reference has been made in the Eastern papers to the fact the philanthropic people there have been anxious to render aid to the colored refugees from the South, if only a good opportunity were offered to do so. They waited anxiously for some definite tidings from here by which they might determine which was the best way to help these unfortunate people who now come upon us, from the South, in such swarms, and under such circumstances as to excite the attention, if not the real sympathy of everybody.

Failing in the matter of securing satisfactory information from here, and being confounded and confused by frequent reports of contention among the refugee relief societies and organizations here in St. Louis, among the colored people themselves, several wealthy people in that section, notably some of the Quakers of Philadelphia, concluded to request Mr. Conway, of New Jersey, who has long been identified with the work of improving the condition of the colored people of the South in all ways, to come here, review the land, and during back a report. That gentleman has been here now several days, and has "taken in the situation."

In conversation with a *Globe Democrat* reporter Mr. Conway said:

"I have been busy since I came, and I am pained by the knowledge I have gained from my inquiries. I am not an enthusiast on the matter of the negro population coming out of the South, whether for good cause or ill, as some seem to me to be, but I am most positive in my advocacy of their coming out, every one of them, if the white people of that section continue to rob, swindle, despise, abuse, cheat,

TERRORIZE AND MURDER

them as they have been doing for years past to my knowledge. You ask me to speak to you of what I have ascertained of the present status of the exodus. Why, it is only at its inception. There would have been 20,000 refugees here before this but for the terrorism employed by the planters along the Mississippi to keep them from coming. I only wish that every newspaper reporter in the North and West could only go down, as I have done, to-day, and talk to the poor refugees themselves, for then there would be no need of being long in doubt as to the present status of the exodus."

"What is the outlook as to these people coming in greater numbers to the North and West?"

"There is now a reign of terror inaugurated by the planters among the Mississippi River, the aim of which is to keep the colored people from coming away. This will tend to keep these poor people from leaving, at least for the time being, but will not, and can not last long, it will soon die out. The outlook is not very bright when taking the physical condition of the negros in view, and for the time being many will be kept from coming out, but those who are thus restrained will seek the first opportunity of leaving. Injustice may prevail for a day, but the right will triumph in the end."

"What do you learn is the cause of the lull in the exodus? Why are not as many negroes coming from the South as two or three weeks ago?"

"The planters along the river, and even the merchants in the towns and cities, have warned the steamboat owners that they will cease their patronage of them if they carry these refugees away; and therefore the steamboat men decline to give them passage, even though money is offered to them, even

AT FIRST CLASS RATES."

"Are there known instances of steamboat men refusing to carry negroes?"

"Yes, and even cases are known, and can be proved, where they have ejected these poor people by physical force, using the plea that they preferred to carry other freight."

"Have you been to see the refugees who are here, and if so, what do you think of their condition and treatment?"

"Yes, I have been to see them, and I find their condition most horrible. They are destitute, filthy, ragged and sick. Those who have undertaken the care of them, people of their own race chiefly, so far as I can see, have doubtless done all they could for these poor creatures, with the means at their command, but I have noticed a lack of kindness and gentleness even in words and spirit—a thing that no lack of money could excuse. Those refugees I have seen to-day are, though very destitute, quite intelligent. They tell their story in a manner that indicates much good sense."

"What is your mission to St. Louis?"

"I have come here to look at the refugees, ascertain the condition and needs, and for the purpose of reporting a plan to kind people in the East by which those who come away from the South may be wisely helped. I have not come here to subvert any organizations now existing, but to see whether some effective plan of making these refugees self-supporting may not be devised, either through existing organizations or through a new one."

"What advice do you give to the negroes of the South at this time?"

"I would give them the same advice I would give a man in a furnace, or in the water where there was danger of drowning—'Come out.' But I would say to them. 'Do not come out of the South till places of employment are first provided for you in the North and West.' The colored people of the South hate the Democratic party. Their old masters are Democrats, and for that reason they hate their old masters. The two can never be reconciled. There is no use in trying it."

"What is the best way of keeping these refugees?"

"There are contending factions of colored people here, each claiming to be best able to help their brethren who are in distress. The result of their quarrel is, that neither is able to give any help at all, the Eastern people being decidedly unwilling to intrust their funds to these people. I think that an advisory committee of

GOOD AND TRUSTWORTHY CITIZENS

of St. Louis should be organized at once for the purpose of taking charge of funds and doing what may be needed for these people. If such a committee is organized, I know of one man who will give $10,000 to it be used for the help of the refugees, and Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll told me he would give $1,000 and half his income for the next five years, and many others have indicated not only a willingness, but a positive wish to help with money. But in the present shape of organizations here, and of misunderstanding in the East, no money will come from that section. I am convinced that considerable good

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed in discriminately and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate sheets. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

PATRICK C., Fort Custer.—We cannot undertake to recommend any of the articles named.

KIT, Delavan, Ill.—If you write to F. W. Scott & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., they will supply you with the article named.

J. F., Kelton, Utah Terry.—The price of Webster's Dictionary is $18. It will go more cheaply by express than by mail.

HENRY Q., Clifton Station, Va.—You do not say what was the nature or title of your communication, hence we have no means of tracing it.

PRESTON, Perry, Elmore, O.—The Centennial awards did not make any such distinction between self-inking hand power presses as is suggested in your note.

R. H., Hillsboro, Mo.—Mr. William W. Wallace of Toledo, is the man who has been writing on old coins in the BLADE, and we believe he occasionally buys them.

D. B. S., North Salem, Mo.—We regret that we do not know enough about the curtiss to warrant the expression of an opinion. See paragraphs at the head of this department.

ROBERT L., Hutchinson, Kan.—Write to Prof. Francis Walker, sheffield Scientific School, New Haven, Conn. He can give you full information regarding the appointment of officers to take the census.

MRS. H. LIGHTNER, Conway, Mo., wishes to obtain information regarding the whereabouts of her brother, H. H. Cudney, who is supposed to have crossed the plains for California some 18 years ago. Address as above.

E. B. S., Hinckley, Ill., asks: "What is being done in the matter of paying arrears of pensions by the Government?"—Arrears of pensions are now being paid under act of January 25th, 1879, and will be paid without delay.

N. H., Montezuma, Ill.—If you address your inquiries to "Author of Andersonville," care BLADE, Toledo, O., they will receive prompt attention. All questions in regard to "Andersonville" in book form will be cheerfully answered, if possible.

J. J. J., Blackberry, Ill., asks: "What will keep flies out of paint when first put on a building?"—The best thing we know is an October or November frost. One in March or April is about as good. In other words, always paint in cool weather if possible; we know of no other preventive.

SUBSCRIBER, Hutton, Mo., asks: "Is it a fact that the Indian Territory is open for white settlers, and is the land subject to entry?"—The Government has no land in the Indian Territory open for settlement. On the contrary it is using every means in its power to prevent settlers from going into the Territory.

S. W. (no address), asks: "Has Congress ever passed a law reducing the fees to be paid in pension cases to $10, this amount to be paid by the pensioner?"—An act of Congress of June 21, 1878, fixes the maximum fee of attorneys in all pension claims thereafter filed at $10, and makes no provision for the Pension Agent to deduct the fee when a payment is made.

MRS. PETER JUNIOR, Lignolier, Ind., asks: "Will any person knowing the whereabouts of any member of Company I, Fourth New York Heavy Artillery of the late war, please send name and Postoffice address of such person or persons to H. G. Lockart, Lignolier, Ind.?"

N. E. C., Altamont, Ill., asks: "Will you please state to what extent a copy-righted book may be quoted, without consent of the author, and not incur the penalty of the law?"—As we understand it, no person has a right to use or quote any portion of a copy-righted work without the consent of the owner of the copyright.

E. M. A., Lykalis, Miss.—We furnish Dr. Chase's new receipt book only in connection with the BLADE, at $1.60 for the book and BLADE one year. We do not furnish the book alone. The other book you name we do not have. Any book, other than a work on mineralogy, which pretends to tell you where gold and silver are to be found in the earth, is a humbug.

M. S., Paradise, N. Y., asks: "What has been done about a World's Fair in this country?"—It is proposed to hold a world's Fair in New York in 1881, and a committee of prominent New Yorkers are now engaged in arranging for a site for the grounds and buildings. It is proposed to locate the Fair across Harlem River, in the immediate vicinity of what is known as the Fleetwood Race Track.

B. D. M., West Albany, N. Y., asks: "Is the famous 'charter oak,' of Hartford, Conn., still standing?"—It is not. This celebrated tree, so long regarded as a sacred historic souvenir, was destroyed by a violent storm which swept over Connecticut, and was especially fierce in and about Hartford, in 1856. The name of the individual who secreted the document within a hollow of the tree in 1687, and which gave the tree its name, was Wadsworth.

N. D., Emerson's Mills, Ion., asks: "A man's brother died in the service of the United States Government, the man being wholly or partially dependent on that brother for support, the father and mother both having died since, and the soldier not having a wife or children. Could the man, being of age, draw a pension on his brother's account?"—He might be able to draw arrears for the time during which he would have been dependent on his brother. Write to T. W. Talmadge, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

J. G. H., Ellington, Iowa, asks: "Will you please tell us what 'coim' is? The word seams to be generally known and used in England."—It is the local name in portions of England and Wales for a preparation of fuel made from the refuse or dust of coal. It is made up from what is obtained in a broken state from the pits, and prepared in talls with one-third of its bulk added of wet, viscid clay. It burns without flame, very much like peat, giving out a strong heat, and producing a good possible fire for cooking purposes. Some such combinations have been attempted in this country under the name of patent fuels.

O. V. I. J., Fulda, Kans., asks: "If a soldier cannot get his Regimental Surgeon's certificate in his claim for pension, and has his company officers' affidavits as to the facts in the case, does that debar him from completing his claim?"—As a general rule, a claim for pension can be established by the evidences of any commissioned officer who can testify to a knowledge of the facts; but in some cases the testimony of the Surgeon who treated the soldier is necessary to explain and prove the nature of the disability, when the records do not furnish the necessary proof.

MORSE, New Franklin, O., writes: "I give the following as a probable answer to the land question proposed by "Dick," Kendall, Wis.: A would take 29.1804 acres and B 70.7196 acres. Let me say that the comma following the word "each" in the question seems to be at the wrong place, and I solved the question as I would if the comma were placed between "land" and "each." I submit the following solution to the "salary" problem: By the first condition the whole of A's plus the whole of B's equals $4,400; by second condition one-third of A's plus one-fourth of B's equals $1,310, or four-thirds of A's plus the whole of B's equals $4,240; hence from first and second we find that one third of A's equals $840, or the whole of A's equals $2,520, and the whole of B's equals $1,880."

WARDNER, Sedalia, Mo., asks: "Is there a school in the United States for the education of students who wish to make journalism their profession, or must one obtain a first class general education and combine it with common sense and an ability to live on air? The two brothers of 'W. G. S.,' Warrenton, Mo., will maintain the disparagement in their ages until the 50,000 Democratic majority in this State is overcome; by that time both will be pretty well along in years. The difference in their ages at the end of three eternities would be just five years "—1. There is no such school anywhere in the United States, although Harvard and Cornell both pay some attention to the matter.

MRS. F. S. M., Wauseedah, Mich., writes: "I notice that an article entitled 'Fig Culture is going the rounds of the press, claiming that figs can be successfully raised in our Middle and Northern States. Does the writer refer to white or purple figs? 2. Does the Northern States referred to mean as far north as the Upper Peninsula of Michigan? 3. Is there any nursery in the North where trees (figs) can be procured?"—The statements of the best authorities on the subject lead to the conclusion that the writer of the article named is intentionally or innocently misled. The fig may possibly flourish out of doors as far north as Washington, D. C., but no further.

THOS. A. GOSSETT, Trader's Point, Ind., writes: "Can any of the readers of the BLADE give me the postoffice address of Tom Larkin and Ned Johnson, mentioned by 'Andersonville'? Also, of James Eagan, of the 16th Conn.? Have not heard of either since leaving Andersonville, except Eagan, and I came with him to Annapolis, since when time I have no account of him. Eagan formerly lived in Hartford, Conn. I have been reading the BLADE but a short time, but must say it is one of the best papers that comes to my address, and I take several. I like to see a paper that is not afraid to speak out. Certainly this is a time when we need just such papers as the BLADE—sound on the currency question, and of unquestioned loyalty."

A. F. S., Waterton, Pa., asks: "When was Jenny Lind in this country? Will you please give a sketch of her concerts?"—The first Jenny Lind concert took place at Castle Garden, Wednesday, September 11, 1850. The tickets were sold at auction on the previous Saturday and Monday, John N. Genin, the hatter, purchasing the first ticket for $225. The total receipts of the first concert were $17,864.05, and of the second $14,-215.05.

In Boston the first ticket was purchased by Ossian E. Dodge, Jr., for $625; in Providence by Colonel N. C. Rose, for $650; in Philadelphia by M. A. Boot, for $650; in New Orleans by Mr. D'Arcy, for $240; in St. Louis for $100, and in Baltimore for $100. After the sale of the first ticket the premium generally fell to $20 and below. The total receipts of the 93 concerts under Mr. Barnum's management were $712 161 34; of which Jenny Lind received $208 675.09, less $32,000 forfeit paid by her for breaking the contract, or $176 675.09 net. Mr. Barnum received $535,485.25, out of which he paid the expenses, which were very heavy.

G. W. H., Sedgwick, Mo., asks: "Are the laws of the road the same in England as in this country? If not, wherein do they differ?"—In America, parties in meeting turn to the right; in passing the foremost turns to the right, and the other party to the left. In England, parties on meeting turn to the left, and in passing turn to the right. In England these rules apply to both equestrians and carriages; here an equestrian meeting a carriage may exercise his own notion of prudence and turn either to the left or right. A horseman should yield the road to a vehicle and is remediless if, refusing to turn out when he could safely, a collision ensues and he is injured. When you are ahead you need not turn out to let any one pass, if there is sufficient room on either side of you; if not, and it is practicable, the road must be shared equally; if impracticable, the second must follow patiently until an available spot is reached; then the first must give room or an action will lie. The second, however, cannot force his way past. There are, of course, exceptions to all rules, and in the crowded streets of a city, situations and circumstances will frequently arise where a deviation is not only justifiable but necessary. In case of injury the injured party must not only show that the injurer was on the wrong side, but that he himself exercised ordinary precaution to avoid accident. The laws of the road do not apply to buildings which are traversing the highways.

S. S., Swan Lake City, Ion., asks: "Who is entitled to the credit of introducing the decimal system of coinage adopted in the United States?"—Robert Morris presented to Congress, January 15, 1782, the first plan of a decimal coinage ever brought forward, which shortly after he superseded by another. His first plan provided for cents, quints and marks; his second, crowns, half-crowns, dollars, shillings, groats, deits. The subject was referred to Mr. Jefferson, and his decimal plan for eagles, half-eagles, dollars, half-dollars, double dimes, dimes, half-dimes, cents and half-cents was adopted in 1785, in which year there was an actual coinage of copper cents, under State authority, in Vermont, Connecticut and New Jersey. The next year Congress contracted for 300 tons of Federal copper cents to the struck at State mints. The unit of the first plan of Mr. Morris was a quarter ounce of pure silver; of the second, 12 shillings and 6 pence sterling. In 1792 Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, recommended the dollar (containing 24.75 grains of gold or 371.4 grains of silver) as the unit—gold coins to be called eagles, half-eagles and quarter-eagles; silver coins to be called dollars, half-dollars, quarter-dollars, dimes and half-dimes. His recommendation was adopted. The credit of introducing a decimal coinage is jointly due, it will be seen, to Morris, Jefferson and Hamilton.

R. S. H., Stockton, N. J., asks: "Is there no way of procuring standard legal works at less prices than are usually charged, and if not, could not such works be published in an inexpensive form, for general reading and not confined to the profession, at a profit to the publishers? It certainly seems that a citizen of a Republic, who is supposed to be maker, enforcer and obever of the laws, should know them. I lately wrote for prices of 'Kent's Commentaries,' and found that the price was $30, while works in other departments of same size and quality would probably be sold for $5, and even at that there would be a fair discount, while on legal work the discount is very small, or I have not found the place to buy."—This is a "trade question," or rather series of questions, and might more properly be referred to a publisher of law books. But the answer to your first question would seem to be that in these cases out of ten those who purchase legal works do so with the expectation of preserving them for study and reference, and therefore they desire to have them in substantial and permanent form, and are willing to pay the difference. An ordinary novel is of little value after it has once been read, and hence it is desirable to put it up in as cheap a form as possible. In regard to such standard works as Kent's Commentaries, the number of copies sold is comparatively small and the price of necessity higher than a book of corresponding quality and larger sale. Their discount is small simply because the book is standard, and it will sell just as well next year and the year after as it does this. Transient books are forced on the market on a large discount, and must be sold at a large profit because the risk is great.

J. G. S., Milton, Pa., asks: "How do the advantages of acquiring land under the present timber culture law compare with those of the homestead law?"—To those who must take United States land, the timber culture claims are the most favorable, as actual residence on them is not required and the new law is a great improvement on the old. Under act of July 14, 1878, only 10 acres of forest must be set out and kept in thrifty cultivation, on a 160 acre claim. Four years are allowed to do this in, and no trees are to be set out until the third year, when the ground broken the first year is well rotted and suited to the life and growth of the trees. These can be planted by seed, cuttings, or transplantation. Twenty-seven hundred must be put on the acre. They must stand about four feet apart each way, so that the implements used in corn culture can be adapted to working the rows. For eight years they must be kept in good thrifty condition, and at that time 6,750 trees must be on the 10 acres, or one-fourth of the original planting. For an 80 acre claim proportionate numbers must be cultivated, or one-half. No crop can equal in value a thrifty grove. An acquaintance in Kansas writes that he got from a cottonwood, set out settling, 2½ cords of wood, which would make over $1,200 worth on an acre. He could get for his wood $2 50 at the stump when cut and corded up. The fees for a timber claim are the same as for a homestead, or from $14 to $18 at the time of filing and $4 at the time of proof. The General Land Commissioner has decided that persons who took claims under the act of 1873, where 40 acres were required to be set in trees, can have the benefit of the new law therefor. In case, at the time of final proof, they can show that they have set out and kept in thrifty condition 6,750 forest trees on not less than 10 acres of their claim, it will be construed into a substantial compliance with the requirements of the law.

A. H. S., Abersville, Pa., asks.: "Are pensioners obliged to pay the fee for collecting their pension to the agent or attorney in advance? If so, what security has the claimant against the attorney? Please give, if you can, a synopsis of the present law, and of the previous laws on the subject."—Prior to the passage of the act of July 14, 1862, there was no law regulating the amount or manner of payment of the fee; till then it was simply a matter between attorney and claimant, to be settled between them as any other private contract. This law continued in force until the act of July 4, 1864, which provided that the fees of attorneys for all necessary service in the premises should not exceed $10. But as time elapsed and the procurement of the proper testimony became more difficult in the face of the additional requirements of the office, Congress passed the act of July 8, 1870. Under this law the attorney was entitled to receive a fee of $25, but it was expressly provided that the same was not to be paid him except in the event of a pension being granted; and further, that the claimant was to execute a fee contract, securing to the attorney the amount of fee stated, in the event of the success of the claim. Under this law it was stipulated that unless agreements as to the amount of fee were properly executed and filed, the fee should be but $10. Then it was optional with the claimant to execute fee agreements or not, leaving it entirely within his province whether his agent should receive a fee of $25 or of but $10. But the feature of this law was that no fees should be paid in advance, thus protecting the claimant from the demands of dishonest attorneys and agents. When the claim was allowed, the pension agent deducted the amount due the attorney, and forwarded the same direct to him. This law continued in force until the appointment of the present Commissioner of Pensions, John A. Bentley, who shortly after his appointment set about devising some mode to change the same. On June 20, 1878, Congress passed the present law, under the provisions of which an attorney can receive but $10 as a fee in any claim for pension filed after the passage of said act. The fee is no longer retained by the Government and paid to the attorney out of the pension when granted, as under the old law, but must be paid direct to the attorney by the claimant. It is claimed that no attorney of any standing can afford to prosecute a pension claim on a contingent fee of $10. At this late day it requires a skillful and intelligent attorney to successfully prosecute these claims, and this class of attorneys cannot be expected to devote their time and attention to cases where in they are not assured a reasonable return. The law permits them to charge the fee in advance, and unless the claimant is able to pay in advance, it frequently happens that he is deprived of the services of a competent attorney.

BAD ANTHONY WAYNE.

Copy of an Interesting Autograph Letter.

Syracuse, N. Y., Standard.

We were shown yesterday an interesting autograph letters by "Mad" Anthony Wayne. The letter was in the possession of Maj. C. B. Cotton, who forwards it, at the request of Benson J. Lossing, the historian, to the Historical Society of Rockland County, where the centennial of the battle of Stony Point is soon to be celebrated. A copy of the letter is given below:

SPRINGSTEELS, 11 o'clock P. M., 15th July, 1779, and Near the Honrand Scene of Carnage.—DEAR DELANY: This will not reach you eye until the writer is no more. The inclosed pspers I submit (in their rough state) to your charge, that in case any ungenerous reflections may hereafter drop from illiberal minds my friend may be enabled to defend the character and support the honor of the man that loved him and fell in the defense of his country and the rights of mankind.

You have often heard me deplore the supineness and unworthy toplality into which Congress was lulled, and that it was my decided opinion this would be a sanguinary campaign, in which many of the choicest spirits and much of the best blood in America would be lost, owing to the parsimony and neglect of Congress. If ever any prediction was true it is this, and if ever a great and good man was surrounded with a choice of difficulties it is Gen. Washington. I fear the consequences. I see clearly that he will be impelled to make other attempts and efforts in order to save the country that he will not be adequate to, and that he may fall a sacrifice to the folly and parsimony of our worthy rulers.

I know that friendship will induce you to attend to the education of my little son and daughter. I fear that their tender mother will not survive this stroke; do go and comfort her, tell her her children claim her kindest offices and protection. My best and sincerest wishes to Mrs. Delaney and family and to all friends. I am called up, but where to breakfast, either within the enemies' lines in triumph or in another world. Then farewell, my best and dearest friend, and believe to the last moment, yours, most sincerely,

ANTHONY J. WAYNE.

A Child's Heart.

Lewis.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curb-stone up Woodward avenue to rest. She was curious, because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been the smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of her old calico apron went up to wipe a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all d—dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awful sorry," said the little girl as her own chin quivered. I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child: "You may kiss us all once, and if little Benny isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy."

Pedestrians who saw three well dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her, were greatly puzzled. They did not know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go:

"Oh! children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for 10 long years."

Poor Carlotta.

The ex Empress Carlotta has an income of $300,000. Her cure is hopeless. She occupies herself with writing and painting her correspondence being almost entirely addressed to sovereigns. She imagines constantly that she is still at her Mexican court receiving Ministers Generals and Ambassadors, and talks with these shadowy grandees as if they were indeed around her. She talks but little to her attendants, but enjoys exceedingly the presence of the Queen of Belgium, of whom she is very fond. The unhappy lady wears extraordinary toilets, and seems to prefer the most garish colors.

The Sunday School.

Prophecy Against Tyre

LESSON 9, SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT:—Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.—Matt. 24: 35.

LESSON TEXT.

Ezek. 55: 7–14.

7. For thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will bring upon Tyrus Nebuchadrezzar king of Babylon, a king of kings, from the north with horses, and with chariots and with horsemen, and companies, and much people. 8. He shall slay with the sword thy daughters in the field, and he shall make a fort against thee, and cast a mount against thee, and lift up the buckler against thee. 9. And he shall set engines of war against thy walls, and with his axes he shall break down thy towers. 10. By reason of the abundance of his horses their dust shall cover thee; thy walls shall shake at the noise of the horsemen, and of the wheels and of the chariots, when he shall enter into thy gates, as men enter into a city wherein is made a breach. 11. With the hoofs of his horses shall he tread down all thy streets; he shall slay thy people by the sword, and thy strong garrisons shall go down to the ground. 12. And they make a spoil of thy riches, and make a prey of thy merchandise, and they shall break down thy walls, and destroy thy pleasant houses: and they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water. 13. And I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease; and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard. 14. And I will make thee like the top of a rock; thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon: thou shalt be built no more: for I the Lord have spoken it, saith the Lord God.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Thus saith the Lord (v. 7.)—Whatever the Lord says is worth heeding. A King's proclamation, or a President's message, or a commanding General's order, is worthy of attention from all who are under authority of him who speaks. How much more, then, the word of him who is King of kings, who is Ruler of rulers, who is Lord of hosts! The word of the Lord is conclusive. It is the end of all controversy. There can never be a fair doubt concerning a point on which God has spoken. If the Lord says a thing is right, it is right. If he says it is wrong it is wrong. If he says a certain thing will come to pass it will come to pass. If we have a "thus saith the Lord" for our encouragement, or for our warning, there is no need of our having any question on that point. It is settled beyond a peradventure.

With his axes shall he break down thy towers (v. 9)—No matter how strong an evil doer may intrench himself, when God says that the time for his overthrow has come, his most formidable defenses must give way. Money, political influence, corrupt rulings, oath bound leagues, cannot save him for one hour beyond the time God sets for the end of his power. He who is in any vile or iniquitous business; he who is planning wrong towards others; he who seeks to hold what does not belong to him; he who defies the civil law or a just public sentiment—however safe he may count himself with his peculiar associations or surroundings, is liable at any moment to have his surest supports fail him, and his boasted security turned into despair. There are axes heavy enough to break down the proudest towers of iniquity, when God says that those towers must fall. There is no such thing as safety in evil. There cannot be while God lives.

By reason of the abundance of his horses their dust shall cover thee (v. 10.)—While the wicked are in authority, it sometimes seems that they are all powerful. When at last their overthrow is compassed, they seem so insignificant that the very dust of the forces which swept them away covers them from sight and thought. Where is the power of the labor rioters who two summers ago were a terror to our whole country? Where is the power of the corrupt politicians which but so lately governed and plundered the commercial metropolis of our Nation? Where is the power of one band of robbers after another which has in turn had sway in a lesser or larger community? All that seemed so formidable has been swept away like chaff. The representatives of government, and of public opinion, and of Christianity, when directed of God against these defiant evils moved in such might and overwhelming numbers that, by reason of the abundance of their horses, the dust covered the memory of the opposers of good out of mind forever. And so it always will be with those who set themselves against God and his commandments.

They shall make a spoil of thy riches (v. 12.)—It is not an easy thing to accumulate wealth; but it is easier to get it than to hold it. A rich man is never sure of his riches, however carefully he guards them. His property of to-day may be gone to-morrow. Fire, flood, war, panic, robberies, dishonest custodians, and many another peril, beset him threateningly. The more a man sets by his wealth, the greater his danger of losing it; for God assures protection to the property of those alone who have no absorbing love for riches. Those who live to lay up money are certain to lose it sooner or later. Only they who do not care for money need never fear of losing it. None but God can protect a man's person or property, or reputation. He who does not trust everything with God has nothing securely.

I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease (v. 13)—Song is the natural voice of joy. It is also the expression of pleasure. When the joy is of the soul, there can be songs in adversity and sorrow. When the pleasure is of the senses, the singing ceases with the beginning of grief. There can be songs at midnight, in the prison, to those whose joy is in God's service. There can be sons with the tremulous voice over the open grave to those whose loved ones lies sleep in Jesus. But the songs of hilarity and merry making are hushed in the presence of suffering and death. It is a good thing to sing songs that can never be silenced. There is a song to be learned on earth which shall be sung in heaven—"the song of Moses the servant of God and the song of the Lamb." Are you familiar with that song?

Thou shalt build no more (v. 14.)—"Never more" is a very pleasant word when applied to some trials or sin gance of which the dreaded return is thereby precluded. But when it shuts out hope of restoration, or recovery, or reform, it is the gloomiest of all words. However dark the past has been, while there is life we want to have hope; we want to see a possibility of something better in the future. When that is cut off the last ray of light to the soul is gone. To those who are Christ's the word "nevermore" can have force only in its pleasantest sense. To them hope never dies,—for themselves or for their loved ones. But to those who have no part in Christ and his salvation, "nevermore" is always gloomy. It tells of their best things, and their best state, gone forever.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

A lock of man's hair in a lady's fingers before marriage, indicates that a sighing lover is thinking of her; but a lock of man's hair in a lady's fingers after marriage, is as surely indicative of a yelling cuss, as the yell of agony when the owner says: "Jerusalem, Mariar, let go! O o-uch! Golly, don't pull so!"—*Detroit.*

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IN this connection it will be pertinent and timely to warn the public against Cheap Threshers and Cheap Portable Engines. The superiority of our machinery, in all particulars, is now so generally acknowledged that our competitors have no resource but to present the attraction of low prices and long credit. Their goods being inferior, they have to sell them for what they can get. Times are hard; and purchasers, without fully considering the subject, will sometimes allow a lower price to decide them. Manufacturers of "cheap" machines are so set on carrying out competition to its utmost—competition of Cheapness, not of Excellence—that they meet "bargain hunters" half way, and furnish them cheerfully with inferior machines at the cheap rate they are asked for.

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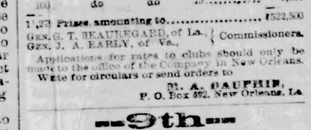

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GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT During which will take place the

109th GRAND MONTHLY AND THE EXTRAORDINARY SEMI-ANNUAL DRAWING, At New Orleans, Tuesday, June 17th, 1879.

Under the personal supervision and management of Gen. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, and Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $100,000.

Notice—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	100,000	$100,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	200	20,000
500 "	100	50,000
1000 "	10	100,000

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100 do do	100	10,000
100 do do	50	5,000
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--9th--

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Commonwealth Distribution Comp'y.

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NO SCALING! NO POSTPONEMENT!

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9 Prizes 200 each,		"	"	1,800
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1,960 Prizes,				$112,400

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Remit by Postoffice Money Order, registered letter, bank draft, or express. Full list of drawing published in Louisville Courier-Journal and New York Herald, and mailed to all ticket holders. For tickets and information address COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO., or T. J. CAMPBELFORD, Sec'y Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.

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Price 35 cents, for which specimen copies will be mailed to any address.

See Decoration Day Music in the MUSICAL RECORD, 6 cents.

GOOD NEWS! (35 cents) the genial Sunday School Song Book, has thousands of friends. Do not fail to examine and try it. There are 270 Songs, in the composition or selection of which great taste and ability has been displayed. Examine also "Shining River" and "The River of Life," two standard books of great beauty.

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FREE ADVICE for cure of Sexual Weakness, Lost Manhood, Nervousness, Debility, and all Private Diseases. Call or address HEALTH INSTITUTE 129 6th St., Cincinnati, O. Send stamp.

Prescription Free.

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE of Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any druggist has the ingredients. DR. JAQUES & CO., 130 W. S

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1879.

THE TOLEDO BLADE!

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID!

Single copy, per year, $2.00, and at the same rate for a shorter time. Clubs of five, per year, $1.75 each. Clubs of ten and over, $1.65 each, and an extra copy to the getter up of a Club of ten or more.

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SPECIMEN COPIES—Sent free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the addresses of a dozen or so of your Friends, at as many different Postoffices, to whom we will send copies free and postage paid. Send for our Special Circular to Agents.

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Circulation this week, 93,120

No CLASS of men have a better knowledge or can pass a more competent judgment of the circulation and quality of a newspaper than the leading advertisers of the country. There is not a paper of any character or prominence which they do not patronize, and their business is so arranged that they are able to separate their returns and trace its proper results to each paper in which they advertise. We have recently had the satisfaction of giving in these columns a few of the letters received from large advertisers in regard to the results which they have realized from their advertising in the BLADE, and append below another from the Rumford Chemical Works, of Providence, Rhode Island, one of the largest institutions of its kind in the country:

PROVIDENCE R. I., May 12, 1879.

Toledo Blade Company.

GENTLEMEN: I desire to express to you my satisfaction with the benefits derived from advertising "Horsford's Bread Preparation" in your paper. The result has been successful beyond my expectation, and I have abundant proof that our announcement in the BLADE has been extensively read with sufficient interest to elicit a very large number of inquiries for further light.

Yours, respectfully,
N. D. ARNOLD, Treas.

Such unsolicited testimonials as the above go a great deal farther in establishing the character of the Weekly BLADE as first class medium for reaching the *purchasing classes* of the United State, than any unsupported and apparently interested statements that we might make. As to the extent to which the BLADE circulates we simply point to the figures at the head of this column,—figures which we shall at any time take pleasure in verifying in any manner that parties interested may desire.

IF you want first-class books on any subject, write to the BLADE.

Too late WADE HAMPTON remembered that liars should have long memories.

REMEMBER that the BLADE is soon to appear in a new and handsome dress.

THEY have actually hanged a white man in North Carolina. He was a burglar.

READ the BLADE'S announcement for 1880. It will be the leading campaign paper of the United States.

THE Congressional debates have again demonstrated very clearly in which party the brains of the country are.

OUR stock of books is now the largest and most varied of any in the West, and sold at prices which defy competition.

SEN. DAVID DAVIS is from Maryland. The contracted limits of the State interfered with his natural growth, so he moved to Illinois.

IT is in order for WADE HAMPTON to immediately challenge the Senator who convicted him of brazen falsehood. There is nothing else possible, according to South Carolina precedent.

CHOLERA *States*: The Yankees forced us back into the Union, and we propose to give them enough of that Union before the curtain rolls down. We have got them just where we want them.

IT is rumored that an Italian firm has ordered 100,000 tons of coal from the United States instead of from Great Britain as heretofore. British coal dealers are thereupon becoming excited.

PITTSBURG *Commercial*: "Is that a bayonet which I see before me?" asks the intimidated Bourbon voter, with two revolvers in his belt, a bowie knife down his back and a shot gun slung over his shoulder.

WE have in course of preparation a complete catalogue of the BLADE books, which we hope to issue shortly in a convenient and attractive form. Persons who are interested in books will have copies sent free on application.

THE tidings from Cashmere continue to be ill dressing. It would seem as if the whole province was to be depopulated. What adds to the sadness of the situation is the fact that much of the trouble arises from the ignorance and incompetency of the public officials.

IT is announced that a cure for hydrophobia has been discovered by two Russian physicians. A little girl was seized with the dread disease and was made to inhale three cubic feet of oxygen. Thereupon the symptoms disappeared, but returned again the next day but one, when the process was repeated, and in three-quarters of an hour the attack subsided and the cure was complete.

THE poetic fire has not wholly departed the Democracy, but still lingers at its heart, as witness the following stanza of a recent production by WILLIAM WALTER HOSKINS, of the Ohoioma State, and dedicated to the Mississippi Press Association:

For once again our race shall rise on some
auspicious day;
The Stars and Bars shall be the flag of the
second C. S. A.
But the end shall be a different one from that
which went before.
For victory to Nations free,
Will add a Nation more.

"WE join the Democrats of the North," said BEN. HILL in his speech, "because we admired their course during the war." Of course you do, Mr HILL. You never was a Democrat or had any sympathy or affiliation with that party, until it allied itself to the rebel cause "during the war." But when you go on to assert, as you do, that it was "not the Republicans, but the Northern Democrats, who saved the Union," you not only deny what is history, but expose your own inconsistency, in "admiring" the Northern Democrats for doing what you undertook by war to prevent. You get your "wires crossed," Mr. HILL.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's second veto of the bill to prevent the use of the army in enforcing law and order has been everywhere received with great satisfaction by the Republicans. It is recognized as another step toward the complete unification of the Republican party and the strengthening of its position of uncompromising hostility to the schemes of the ex-rebels in Congress. Among the Democrats the bill has had a correspondingly demoralizing effect. As on the previous occasion, an announcement was made that a caucus of Democrats would be held to consider what measures were best to meet the veto, but this announcement was afterward withdrawn, and under the plea that the matter did not call for hasty action, it has been allowed to slumber in undisturbed quiet. Meantime it is distinctly understood among the Republicans in Congress as well as by the members of the Cabinet, that the Legislative bill, if presented with sections repealing the Supervisor's law, will certainly be vetoed, and that those sections if presented as a separate bill, will be vetoed as certainly.

THE most interesting legislation of the week has been that of the House on Friday last on WARNER'S silver bill. The bill virtually provides for the free coinage of silver inasmuch as it provides that every owner of silver bullion may deposit the same with the United States, to be formed into standard dollars for his benefit. The House refused to adopt an amendment offered by Representative MILLS authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase without limit all silver bullion tendered at dollars and foreign silver coin so long as 412½ grains of silver can be obtained for one dollar in legal tender treasury notes, a new issue of which is to be made for the purpose. Still another amendment was offered by Mr. SPRINGER, calculated to have the effect of permitting the Government to purchase silver bullion at current market rates and of realizing whatever profit there might be between the purchasing price of bullion and the legal tender value of the dollar into which it was to be coined. At this point Mr. EWING intervened with an amendment calculated to kill SPRINGER'S amendment by putting it in a shape which would secure its rejection. The latter was adopted by the vote of the Speaker, and the result which EWING anticipated thereupon followed and the Springer amendment as amended was defeated.

It is credibly stated that the vote of Speaker RANDALL in favor of EWING'S amendment (which provided that 60 per cent. of the bullion deposited should be used in paying off the National debt) was a vote in favor of the inflationists, and that it is the second one of the kind which he has lately given. The defeat of the EWING, and the adoption of the SPRINGER amendment would have been regarded by the inflationists as the defeat of the bill itself, because it would have put it in such shape as would have led its present advocates to vote against it. Meantime the inflationists continue to clamor for the passage of a free coinage bill, and they can undoubtedly have an opportunity of obtaining another vote on this subject if they desire.

In response to a letter from the Secretary of the Interior inquiring what amount of funds can be made available monthly for the payment of arrears of pensions, the Secretary of the Treasury states that including the amount already paid, $2,500,000 will be available prior to July 1, and $2,000,000 monthly thereafter. At this rate nearly the whole of the next fiscal year will be required to complete the work. Commissioner of Pensions DUDLEY, in view of this, has issued a circular letter, a copy of which will be mailed to each applicant for arrears as soon as a supply can be printed. It states that there will be delay in paying the arrears of pensions.

The Treasury Department at Washington has received the report of an examination made by a veterinary college at Edinburgh of the lungs of six American cattle slaughtered at Liverpool. After a careful examination the Professor in charge gives it as his opinion that none of the animals showed any signs of contagious pleuro-pneumonia. The lungs showed traces of capillary bronchitis, but this disease, he said, was contracted during the voyage.

As going to show the false attitude in which Southern Democrats are endeavoring to place themselves before the country, the New York *Tribune* quotes from the speech of Sen. HILL, of Georgia, made in the Senate recently, claiming that he and a large number of Confederates were loyal before the war and opposed the Secession of their several States, and that for this reason they should now be admitted to the confidence of the North. The *Tribune* then quotes from the proceedings of the Georgia secession Convention to show that Sen. HILL, although nominally claiming to be a Union man at that time, in reality surrendered to the enemies of the Union before the act of secession was passed, and voted for the ordinance of secession. A similar case is afforded by the course of Sen. HAMPTON, who rose in his place in the Senate to deny unqualifiedly that he was the author of the plank in the Democratic National Convention of 1868, declaring the reconstruction acts unconstitutional and void. He was thereby confronted by a Charleston, S. C., paper of a few days later in the hands of Senator WINDOM, in which was published a speech by HAMPTON, avowing himself the author of the resolution in question. An attempted explanation proved a painful failure.

Hon. ASA PACKER, one of the most prominent and influential citizens of Pennsylvia, died on the 17th. He had held numerous positions of trust and profit during a long and eventful life. His funeral took place on Tuesday.

The Republicans of Ohio held their State Convention for the nomination of Governor and other officers at Cincinnati, on Wednesday, the 28th inst. The two names most prominently mentioned as candidates for gubernatorial honors are those of Judge TAFT, of Cincinnati, and Hon. CHARLES FOSTER, of Seneca County. Secretary SHERMAN'S recent refusal to be a candidate has virtually withdrawn him from the field, although it is by no means certain that he would refuse the nomination if tendered him.

Gen. Sherman has received advices from Gen. Sheridan to the effect that everything in the West is in good order, and that there is no danger of any trouble. The Indian Territory is well in hand, and the Indians of the Northwest, who are the most turbulent, show no signs of restlessness. There are reports of some stealing by Indians on the Yellowstone, but the thieves are thought to be reservation Indians. Gen. Sherman says military affairs were never so well arranged in the West as now. Gen. Sheridan has reduced everything to an admirable and effective system.

During the past week the Presbyterian General Assembly has been in session at Saratoga N. Y.; the Cumberland Presbyterian Assembly at Memphis, and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church South, at Louisville, Ky. The business transacted was not of importance to the general public.

A RESPONSIBILITY THAT CANNOT BE EVADED.

The best evidence of both the failure and the shame of the attempt by the Confederate Brigadiers to seize the entire National authority and subject the Government to their domination by capturing the public Treasury and withholding supplies, is furnished by themselves in their present effort to disavow all responsibility for such schems. They now tell the country that it was no project of theirs—that it was presented by Northern Democrats, who claimed that it would be popular at the North and that it would help the party to strength which was absolutely necessary to make of any value the "Solid South" already secured—and that they, (the said Confederates) always had some doubt as to the policy of the movement, &c., &c., &c.

If this were the first time that this same dodge had been employed by "the South," (as the Democratic leaders there call themselves,) it might be worthy of consideration; but as it is, it is quite "too thin." It lacks both originality in policy and freshness in practice. Even the wily proverbial monkey was ahead of the Confederates in its employment, for by his cunning use of a silly cat's paws, he was enabled to protest that he never touched one of the chestnuts, to remove them from the fire, and to claim that it was the cat that did it—he confining himself to the enjoyment of the delicious morsel after it had thus come into his possession. Nor is this the first time that the same strategy has marked the action of "the South." Not to go farther back, it will be remembered that when, about 40 years ago, the Slavery question assumed definite shape before the country and came to divide the people, petitions began to appear in Congress, asking for action by that body in that connection. This was very distasteful to the Slave power, then in full possession of all branches of the Government. Slavery had been installed as the god of the Nation, and as such was too sacred even for discussion by the people. Every other subject—whether political, financial or moral—was open to the consideration of the country, except that of Slavery. So it was decided by the Slave power that no American citizen should be allowed a hearing on the subject before Congress, and in order to give effect to that decision, it was proposed to bar the doors of that body to all addresses, petitions and other communications, from whatever source, that in any way called in question the sacredness of slavery. In pursuance of this purpose, what has been known as "ATHERTON'S Gag" was introduced and adopted. Under this, the subject of slavery was effectually excluded from the consideration of Congress, and all petitions relating to the same were to be filed away without reading or any other attention. The man chosen for the presentation of that outrage on free government was not a Southerner—oh, no!—but a Northern member, a "Doughface," hailing from New Hampshire. So, too, in the case of the breaking down of the barrier against the unlimited extension of Slavery over free territory, supplied in the Missouri Compromise. When "the South" saw that its domination was likely to fail from the more rapid settlement of the territory North than South of that line, it determined to protect its power by the removal of that barrier and the opening of all the National domain to the supremacy of the Slave power. Hence the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which was done under the auspices of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, a Northern Democrat, (PIERCE,) and was introduced into Congress by another "Northern man with Southern principles," (DOUGLAS,)—the Southern masters of the Democratic party, as in the former case, simply co operating in the work. It is not necessary here to recite the long and eventful history of that outrage on freedom—the Kansas-Nebraska struggles—the popular agitation and the arousing of Northern sentiment against the Slave power—the rebellion, with its terrible record and its glorious results. All these are familiar to the world.

And now, when the same "South," under its Confederate Brigadiers and in the desperation of its case, is emboldened to undertake another movement on free government, and again proposes to subjugate the Nation to its power, it is too shrewd to march into Congress with the Confederate banner flying or make its demand for surrender in its own name. That would be a weakness by no means consistent with Southern policy. It adopted a more sagacious plan. Having 93 of the 147 Democrats in the House, and 29 of the 41 Democrats in the Senate, "The South" decided to do its work through the agency of the caucus. It was only necessary that the legislation should be subjected to the caucus power, and all was provided for. This was promptly done, when nothing remained but to select the tools which the caucus should use. In this it found no more difficulty than on former occasions. The Presidential bauble, always so potent with "the Solid South," was sufficient to command the services of any Northern Democrat who might promise to be most useful. In the present case, ALLEN G. THURMAN was the man selected. He was not only ready for the work, but to assume the authorship of the job. More than once has he claimed credit as the inventor and chief manager of the scheme for breaking down all National authority and establishing in its place State sovereignty. His glories in the distinction of devising the plan for seizing the public treasury and starving the Government to terms. He is the author of the extra session, with all its unnecessary expense, disturbance of business and profitless agitation. He may be all that; but he is not the source of all this evil, but only the instrument. He never would have dared to propose a scheme so revolutionary in its nature, did he not know that it was in the interest of "the South," and that his relations to it would commend him, as a Presidential aspirant, to the favor of that section. With him, as with VAN BUREN, CASS, PIERCE, BUCHANAN, DOUGLAS and other Northern sycophants, the one inspiring force was personal ambition. It is not possible for Mr. THURMAN to make the country believe that he is anything more than the tool of the Confederates in this business; nor can the Confederates convince the world that the Northern cat's paw is not moved by the Southern monkey. If the Brigadiers did not wish the scheme of force to be undertaken, why did they not say so? The matter was submitted to their decision in caucus and was adopted by their votes, and now, when it has so ignominiously failed, it is quite too late to evade responsibility by making escape-goats of their Northern tools.

SEND in the names of your friends who would enjoy seeing the BLADE. We will take pleasure in sending them free specimen copies.

ANOTHER SOUTHERN THREAT.

Few people at the North can think without a thrill of horror and indignation of the Chisolm tragedy, nor can they understand how it can be regarded by the Southerners other than ruffians and cut-throats, with any different feelings. It would be imagined that the better class would be the first to assist in bringing the perpetrators of the most cold-blooded murders that ever disgraced the land, to justice, or at least, would protect any of the victims' friends in efforts to punish the assassins. That does not seem to be the case, since the son of Judge CHISOLM, now in the employ of the Pennsylvania State Government, who, with his mother, propose to go South for the purpose of calling the murderers of his father to account, has received warning from friends in Mississippi that it would not be safe for them to return there with any such intention. They are, however, determined to go and take the risks.

The fact that such a warning is necessary only goes to show how utterly senseless and absurd is all the talk about people at the North avoiding the stirring up of sectional strife, of ceasing to flaunt the bloody shirt in the faces of the conquered South, lest the dogs of war that have gone peacefully to sleep in their kennel should be aroused again to rend the country asunder. It is the same sort of talk which was dished up in *ad nauseum* doses before the rebellion, and the assertions made are just as meaningless. Strange that the people of the South must be allowed to rant and rave, to lift bloody hands to interfere with the course of justice, and the North be obliged to keep silence for "fear of stirring up sectional strife." Strange that Confederate Generals can occupy prominent places among the legislators of the Nation, can talk treason in the halls of the Capitol, urge a pension for the arch traitor JEFF DAVIS, and in every way show that the same old rebellious spirit dominates still, the same determination to rule or ruin regulates their speech and conduct, and yet all demonstrations of indignation are to be avoided "lest they stir up sectional strife." It is time that *that* bugbear should be stifled and buried, and that every person who has a spark of love for his country, should recognize fully the nature of the sentiments of the South, what they propose to do, and just how the forbearance of the North is regarded.

BEN. HILL AS A "CONSERVATIVE."

The style of Ben. Hill's "conservatism," of which he boasted in his recent speech, is shown by his proposition, made to the Confederate Senate, in October, 1862—18 months after the rebellion commenced—to "give no quarter," but kill every Union soldier during the war. This he presented in the following resolutions, to-wit:

First—That every person pretending to be a soldier or an officer of the United States who shall be captured on the soil of the Confederate States after the 1st day of January, 1863, shall presumed to have entered the territory of the Confederate States with intent to incite insurrection and to abet murder, and unless satisfactory proof be adduced to the contrary, before the military court before which the trial shall be had, he shall *suffer death*. And this section shall continue in force until the proclamation issued by Abraham Lincoln, dated Washington, September 22, 1862, shall be rescinded.

Second—Every white person who shall acts as a commissioned or non commissioned officer commanding negros or mulattos against the Confederate States, or who shall arm, organize, train or prepare [illegible] for military service, or aid them in any military enterprise against the Confederate States shall, if captured, *suffer death*.

Third—Every commissioned or non-commissioned officer of the enemy who shall incite slaves to rebellion, or pretend to give them freedom under the aforementioned act of Congress and proclamation, by abducting or causing them to be abducted, or inducing them to abscond, shall, if captured, *suffer death*.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

LESSEPS, who originated the Suez Canal project which has proved such an undoubted success, has been for some time considering the feasibility of a canal across the isthmus of Darien, in order to cut of the long voyage around Cape Horn, which is made at such an expense of time and money. Last week the International Congress which he had invited to assemble at Paris for the purpose of considering the matter, met and organized, and then adjourned until this week, when the question will be taken up with a definite purpose—to arrive at some decision. Representatives are present from all of the principal countries of Europe and from the United States.

The BLADE has before presented to its readers the two plans poprosed for the crossing, the one by the river San Juan into Lake Nicaragua, whence the distance to cut through to the Pacific is comparatively short, and would involve much less expense than the other, which would require a canal the whole distance across the Isthmus, much of it to be dug through the solid rock. The cost of construction would be, according the estimates, somewhere near $200,000,000, and it would require 15 years to bring it to completion. The views of the greatest engineers of the day will probably be made known at the present meeting, and the proceedings will be regarded with the interest that a work of such magnitude, and of such world wide importance, ought to command.

The plan of connecting the two oceans in some similar way is not a new one. So long ago as the first quarter of the 16th Century, the project was agitated of connecting the Caribbean Sea with the Pacific, by means of a canal constructed between the Chagres River and the Rio Grande. Political reasons of such weight arose, however, as to cause a most vigorous opposition, and the plan was abandoned. Otherwise, the long sea voyage through the storms and cold and dangers of the waters around Cape Horn might have been avoided through all of these years.

There is no question but the accomplishment of such a work would be of great commercial service, and it is only a question of time and money how soon it is begun.

IT was too much of a job for the Bass wood of the Wabash to attempt to reply to Sen. CONKLING as long as the memory of the latter's crushing arguments remained with the public, so VOORHEES slipped out of the trouble by saying loftily "I will reply to the Senator at some future day." That day will never come.

THE probabilities are in favor of a greatly increased immigration to this country, during the present Summer. Twelve thousand persons landed in New York in April and the number during the two weeks past of May has reached 9,000. At that rate before the season is over fully 160,000 foreigners will have sought homes in the United States.

THE BLADE FOR 1880.

The Representative Campaign Paper.

Size, Cheapness and Quality Unequaled.

The Presidential campaign of 1880 promises to be the most important which has ever been known in this country. What it will comprehend is foreshadowed by the course of the Confederate mob in Congress, drunk with a little brief authority, and recklessly and madly bent on using their little hour of brief authority to pervert the powers of government for selfish and sectional purposes, and to wrest from the loyal people of the land the dearly-bought fruits of their victory over treason and rebellion. It is foreshadowed in the ill-concealed greed of the horde of Southern Democrats who are beseiging the Capital clamorous for a share in the party spoils, for the disbursement of National funds for Southern appropriations, and for the pensioning of the men who shed the best blood of the land in unholy and fratricidal war. And last but not least, it is foreshadowed in the rabid utterances of half a score of financial lunatics, whose vagaries, if carried into effect, would demoralize the whole business of the country and prolong the period of depression and distress from which the country is now gradually, but surely recovering.

From this time until the Presidential election of 1880 is held and decided, the events in the political world will be of the greatest significance, the gravest moment to the country. And on all the subjects indicated the BLADE, in the future as in the past, will give forth no uncertain sound. It is a radical of radicals and will always be found in the foremost rank of its party championing the cause of true Republicanism. It will insist on maintaining the results of the war unimpaired, in full and free elections in all parts of the country unclouded by fraud or intimidation; in bestowing the honors and emoluments of office on the loyal element of the country only; and in adhering unwaveringly to the financial policy which has made the Government's promise to pay a dollar equal to a dollar in gold.

As a general and family paper, the BLADE will continue all those features which have contributed to make it the leading paper of its class—the Nasby Letters, the Answers to Correspondents, the Household Department, and the various other features which make it so attractive to readers both male and female, old and young. The story of Andersonville and other Southern prisons will be extended for several weeks yet, and many chapters of deep interest are yet to be published. In this connection we take pleasure in announcing that with the first of January we shall begin a new story by the author of, "Andersonville," giving the adventures and experiences of an infantry soldier during the rebellion. It will follow the daily life of a soldier in the Western army through all the vicissitudes of the camp, the march, the battlefield, and interweave with the story historic accounts of celebrated battles, sketches, and incidents and anecdotes of a soldiers' life, the whole making one of the most interesting narratives of the kind ever published.

During the Summer the BLADE will continue to extend to short-time subscribers special and extremely liberal rates which will be made known by postal card on application. For the year beginning January 1, 1880, and for the six months prior to the Presidential election, detailed announcements will be made in November and April respectively. In these announcements the BLADE expects to be able to make prices which will be lower than those of any paper of corresponding features and advantages, thus making it for the coming year the cheapest as well as the best paper of its class in the country. Parties who may not continue as regular subscribers till the opening of the new year, are earnestly requested to keep these statements in mind, and to send us a postal card for full particulars whenever they may be ready to renew.

The complete outfit of new type which has been purchased for the BLADE will reach us in a few days, and in a very short time the BLADE will present the most handsome typographical appearance. The new type is bold and clear and leaves nothing to be desired for those who seek a paper which may be easily read under all circumstances.

THE Confederate managers at Washington are in much the condition of the man who had a vicious and unmanageable horse, which he had long kept tied up in the stable, because he dare not trust himself with the animal unchained. If the Democratic members of Congress are turned loose in the caucus, there is no telling what may be smashed before they can be tied up again. As chief groom, Mr. THURMAN understands this; and yet, he is troubled by the fact, that the longer the party is kept confined, the more violent it is likely to be when it does get loose, as it must sometime.

THE Paris correspondent of *The Nation* says that the change of M. JULES FERRY from nominal Catholicism to active Protestantism is due to the influence of his wife, a beautiful and accomplished woman belonging to the liberal Lutherans. The result of the new turn given to his ideas is the Educational bill now before the Chamber of Deputies, for the success of which he has labored with untiring zeal and energy.

RECENT BOOKS.

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This work, although it treads on what many people call "delicate ground," treats of the subjects involved in a frank, honest and perfectly proper manner, such as can give offense to no one. Although there is a prejudice among some against a discussion of this subject, yet as it is one of the highest importance, and in which all should have as much knowledge as in any other branch of medical instruction, we cannot see why a proper, clear, straight forward discussion and explanation of it from the hands of learned and experienced physicians should not be given to the people. The authors battle drug and counter-poison treatment manfully, and certainly propose that which is sensible and simple. Familiar with their subject, the description of diseases is given in a manner which is instructive to the reader, and communicates knowledge, the want of which has caused many to become the victims of unprincipled charlatans. Says a leading paper, speaking of this book, "We believe that men are going to be made temperate and clean, and *whole*, by being first informed of what they have hitherto remained ignorant. All appeals to their purely moral faculties, while their intelligence on the topics appealed about is so low, must be more or less idle always. The authors are men of large experience in the practical treatment of the subjects discussed in this book, and are enthusiasts in their writing, while they are nowise heated beyond the limits of their actual knowledge. The perusal of this book by men and women, old and young, would result—it could not be otherwise—in the prevention of a great deal of wretchedness to the human family, and the securing of a vast amount of happiness." It is almost if not altogether the only book which treats the subjects named from a purely scientific standpoint, and therefore it has a permanent and abiding value for those who desire a book combining in the highest degree common sense with medical instruction.

PRINCIPLES OF LIGHT AND COLOR, by Edwin D. Babbitt, D. M.; 576 pages royal octavo; illustrated with 200 exquisite engravings, including four magnificent colored plates. Price in cloth $4.25. Babbitt & Co., 141 Eighth street, New York; Geo B. Brown, Toledo.

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By W. J. Lampton, of Steubenville Gazette.

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THE ART OF CLEANSING FABRICS.

A Business that Will Pay—The Principle and Philosophy of the Improved Family Washer and Bleacher—A Word About Bleaching—Questions and Answers—Inducements and Terms to Agents.

We beespeak for this article the careful perusal of every intelligent person into whose hands this paper may fall. It should carry great weight with housekeepers, and especially among

Men Who are Looking for a Business

which will pay. To such we will say here, the chance now offered is seldom equalled—never excelled. Read and be convinced!

In bringing this article before the public it be com

MAID, WIFE OR WIDOW?

Continued from First Page.

earlier in the evening, and understanding it now. The servant roused them to a sense of present things, by entering on the narrative of his discoveries in the village.

The place was all astir when he reached it. An old man—a stranger in Baxdale—had been found lying in the road, close to the church, in a fit; and the person who had discovered him had been no other than Launce himself. He had, literally, stumbled over the body of Thomas Wiltstang in the dark, on his way back to his lodgings in the village.

"The gentleman gave the alarm, Miss," said the servant, describing the event, as it had been related to him, "and the man—a huge, big old man—was carried to the inn. The landlord identified him; he had taken lodgings at the inn that day, and the constable found valuable property on him—a purse of money and a gold watch and chain. There was nothing to show who the watch and the money belonged to. It was only when my master and the doctor got to the inn that it was known whom he had robbed and tried to murder. All he let out in his wanderings before they came, was that some person had set him on to do it. He called the person 'Captain,' and sometimes 'Captain Goward.' It was thought—if you could trust the ravings of a madman—that the fit took him while he was putting his hand on St Joseph's knife to get it as I understand it must have overpowered him at that moment. They tell me he raved about the sea bursting into the church yard, and a drowning sailor floating by on a hencoop: a sailor washed drugged him down to hell by the hair of his head, and such like hormone nonsense, Miss. He was still screeching, at the worst of the fit, when my master and the doctor came into the room. At sight of one or other of them—it is thought of Mr. Turlington, seeing that he came first—he let his passion run sudden, and then fell back in convulsions in the arms of the men who were holding him. The doctor gave it a learned name, signifying drink madness, and said the case was hopeless. However, he ordered the room to be cleared of the crowd to see what he could do. My master was reported to be still with the doctor, waiting to see whether the man lived or died, when I left the village. Miss, with the gentleman's answer to your note. I didn't due stay to hear how it ended, for fear of Mr. Turlington's finding me out.

Having reached the end of his narrative, the man looked round restlessly toward the window. It was impossible to say when his master might not return, and it might be as much as his life was worth to be caught in the house after he had been locked out of it. He begged permiss on to open the window, and make his escape back to the stables while there was still time. As he unbarred the shutter they were startled by a voice hailing them from below. It was Launce's voice calling to Natalie. The servant disappeared, and Natalie was in Launce's arms before she could breathe again.

For one delicious moment she let her head lie on his breast; then she suddenly pushed him away from her. "Why do you come here? He will kill you if he finds you in the house. Where is he?"

Launce knew even less of Turlington's movement than the servant. "Wherever he is, thank God, I am here before him!" That was all the answer he could give.

Natalie and her aunt heard him in silent dismay. Sir Joseph woke, and recognized Launce before a word more could be said. "Ah my dear boy!" he murmured, faintly. "It's pleasant to see you again. How do you come here?" He was quite satisfied with the first excuse that suggested itself. "We'll talk about it to-morrow," he said, and composed himself to rest again.

Natalie made a second attempt to persuade Launce to leave the house.

"We don't know what may have happened," she said. "He may have followed you on your way here. He may have purposely let you enter his house. Leave us while you have the chance."

Miss Lavinia aided her persuasions. They were useless. Launce quietly closed the heavy wooden shutters, fitted with iron, and put up the bar. Natalie wrung her hands in despair.

"Have you been to the magistrate?" she asked. "Tell us, at least are you here by his advice? is he coming to help us?"

Launce hesitated. If he had told the truth, he must have acknowledged that he was there in direct opposition to the magistrate's advice. His answer evasively. "If the vicar doesn't come, the doctor will. I have told him Sir Joseph must be moved. Cheer up, Natalie! The doctor will be here as soon as Turlington."

As the name passed his lips—without a sound outside to prepare them for what was coming—the voice of Turlington himself suddenly penetrated into the room, speaking close behind the window, on the other side.

"You have broken into my house in the night," said the voice. "And you don't escape *this* way."

Miss Lavinia sank on her knees. Natalie flew to her father. His eyes were wide open in terror; he moaned, feebly recognizing the voice. The next sound that was heard was the sound made by the removal of the ladder from the balcony. Turlington, having descended by it, had taken it away. Natalie had but too accurately guessed what would happen. The death of the villain's accomplice had freed him from all apprehension in that quarter. He had deliberately dogged Launce's steps, and had deliberately allowed him to put himself in the wrong by effecting a secret entrance into the house.

There was an interval—a horrible interval—and then they heard the front door opened. Without stopping (judging by the absence of sound) to close it again, Turlington rapidly ascended the stairs and tried the locked door.

"Come out, and give yourself up!" he called through the door. "I have got my revolver with me, and I have a right to fire on a man who has broken into my house. If the door isn't opened before I count three, your blood be on your own head. One!"

Launce was armed with nothing but his stick. He advanced, without an instant's hesitation, to give himself up. Natalie threw herself across him and clasped him fast before he could reach the door.

"Two!" cried the voice outside, as Launce struggled to force her from him. At the same moment his eyes turned toward the bed. It was exactly opposite the door—it was straight in the line of fire! Sir Joseph's life (as Turlington had doubtless by calculated) was actually in greater danger than Launce's life. He threw himself free, rushed to the bed, and took the old man in his arms to lift him out.

"Three!"

The crash of the report sounded. The bullet came through the door, grazed Launce's left arm, and buried itself in the pillow, at the very place on which Sir Joseph's head had rested the moment before. Launce had saved his father-in-law's life. Turlington had fired his first shot for the money, and had not got it yet.

They were safe in the corner of the room, on the same side as the door—Sir Joseph, helpless as a child, in Launce's arms; the women pale, but admirably calm. They were safe for the moment, when the second bullet (fired at an angle) tore its way through the wall on their right hand.

"I hear you," cried the voice of the miscreant on the other side of the door. "I'll have you yet—through the wall."

Then a pause. They heard his hand sounding the wall, to find out where there was solid wood in the material of which it was built, and where there was plaster only. At that dreadful moment Launce's composure never left him. He laid Sir Joseph softly on the floor, and signed to Natalie and her aunt to lie down by him in silence. Their lives depended on now on neither their voices nor their movements telling the murderer where to fire. He chose the place. The barrel of the revolver grated as he laid it against the wall. He touched the hair-trigger. A faint click was the only sound that followed. The third barrel had missed fire.

They heard him ask himself, with an oath, "What's wrong with it now?"

There was a pause of silence.

Was he examining the weapon?

Before they could ask themselves the question, the report of the exploding charge burst on their ears. It was instantly followed by a heavy fall. They locked at the opposite wall of the room. No sign of a bullet there anywhere.

Launce signed to them not to move yet. They waited, and listened. Nothing stirred on the landing outside.

Suddenly there was a disturbance of the silence in the lower regions—a clamor of many voices at the open house door. Had the firing of the revolver been heard at the vicarage? Yes! They recognized the vicar's voice among the others. A moment more, and they heard a general exclamation of horror on the stairs. Launce opened the door of the room. He instantly closed it again before Natalie could follow him.

The dead body of Turlington lay on the landing outside. The charge in the fourth barrel of the revolver had exploded while he was looking at it. The bullet had entered his mouth and killed him on the spot.

Documentary Hints, In Conclusion.

FIRST HINT.

(Derived from Lady Wadwood's Card Rack.)

"Sir Joseph Graybrooke and Miss Graybrooke request the honor of Lord and Lady Winwood's company to dinner, on Wednesday, February 10, at half-past seven o'clock. To meet Mr. and Mrs. Launcelot Linzie on their return."

SECOND HINT.

(Derived from a recent Money Article in a morning Newspaper.

"We are requested to give the fullest contradiction to unfavorable rumors lately in circulation respecting the firm of Pizzitutti, Turlington, and Branca. Some temporary derangement in the machinery of the business was undoubtedly produced in consequence of the sudden death of the lamented managing partner, Mr. Turlington, by the accidental discharge of a revolver which he was examining. Whatever temporary obstacles may have existed are now overcome. We are informed, on good authority, that the well known house of Messrs. Bulpit Brothers has an interest in the business, and will carry it on until further notices."

THE END.

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

Weather Notes—Prices and Business Prospects—New Dress Goods—Some Late Novelties—How to Dress Little Girls.

Correspondence Toledo BLADE.

TOO HOT FOR THE SEASON.

NEW YORK, May 16, 1879.

The prophecy of a cool Summer is a cheerful hope, to look to, but it tries our faith to believe it while the first Spring heat is so fierce. To all appearances, July is upon the Town, women in lace bonnets and shawls throng the favorite shopping resorts with flushed faces. Offices and stores keep open doors and windows, and the odor of streets steamy after the watering cart adds to the general discomfort. After the breath of apple blossoms and pure scents of fresh leaves, what can reconcile one to the depressing vapors of the City. One need not be suspected of price for feeling that the air in Town is not good enough for him to breathe.

CHEAP TIMES.

A little money goes a good way this season, when merchants have accepted the situation, and put their goods down to the lowest selling prices. We no longer talk of things being cheap as they were before the war. What had those fabled times to compare with the prices now, when a workingman's wife can find calicos for 3½ cents a yard, washable and wearable, buy her cotton for shirting and sheeting for five cents, ruffle her best pillow cases in cambric at eight cents, and send her girl to Sunday-school in a suit of pretty muslin with pink or blue flowered border, for $3 50—ready-made; get herself an alpaca for a quarter, or a merino for twice as much. The prices which suggest worthlessness by their cheapness, are, after all, only comparatively cheap, compared with those of other countries, say China, where you buy a silk at 15 cents a yard, or the Levant, where you may get a bright-colored fabric of wool and silk, or fine wrought linen for 25 cents a yard, which our nice ladies bring home to make their ball dresses and wraps of. Think of Fayal, where you may live sumptuously, with a native villa, and lovely garden, service in abundance, and a table supplied luxuriously with fruits, and wines for about $500 a year. Ah no, Americans have not yet learned what cheap living means. Cheapness means encouragement to thrift and general comfort, and we need not be frightened if we have some still more convincing proofs of the capacity of small money. I doubt if we have begun to see the end of reductions, and two years more may find cottons selling for a cent a yard, and merchants making as much profit on them as they did three years ago. Other things will have to come down in proportion, provisions most of all, and such equalizing of reductions would do more to reconcile the laboring classes to the low wages which are the only ones employers can afford to pay, than all the benevolent associations and saving schemes and arbitrations in the world.

BUSINESS LIVELY.

This sounds like wild talk, but the event will more likely bring out stranger things. With overproduction of manufactures all over the world of everything from cotton thread to shoes and silver, civilization has nothing for it but to take the long step down which looks so ugly, and will be found so easy at last. New York has not been so busy in seven years as it has been this Spring. The roll of trucks and express wagons once more blocks Broadway, and the innocent stranger stands patient on the curbstone, waiting "for the procession to pass," as in days of old. Once more, the crowd of well dressed women keep each other waiting in crush at the well-known cheap counters, and the merchants who marked down their goods till people thought they had gone wild, find their stores already grown too small for them.

NEW DRESS GOODS.

With the last of Spring, are opened those inexpensive simple fabrics, which are the resource of women with little money and much taste.

Beginning with the lowest, there are Bourette cotton goods, entirely of cotton, with wool finish, in light and slate grays, with dots and threads of warmer color, which do credit to good making-up. That cotonette, at 10 cents, with dots and dashes of yellow and black, just relieving its pale gray surface, will be the resource of some clever, economical school teacher, who will make it up with the narrow edge folds of black and yellow silk, or wool delaine, which is used for pipings where a little color is wanted and silk is not specially appropriate, and with knots of black and yellow ribbon on the side of the overskirt and on the basque, one will be betrayed into thinking what a fresh, tasteful dress it is. Darker slate grays are made up with more conspicuous relief of tabs and vesterwoman bands turned up on the edge of the overskirt, in bright dark wool fabrics, but the utmost neatness of finish is required in these cheap goods, to make them attractive. At 15 cents come pretty blue and white or brown and white checks for children, which trim well with plain color, in the new dresses with yoke and cuffs and flounce of solid blue or brown.

At 25 cents a yard, begin a really pretty and durable variety of materials, from the all wool pinhead checks, in brown or black or ecru, the lace bunchings, with openwork stripe which come in light colors, skyblue and pink, cream and buff, as well as black, brown, navy and gendarme blues, cardinal and green. At this price also, are the narrow silk and cotton foulards, plain and twilled, with the finish and design of more French foulards, with cream, buff and peach tinted grounds, and pink and blue flowered sprigs. The all-silk foulards begin at 50 cents in light colors, with gay designs, making up charmingly with plain skyblue, cream or pink for girls' dresses, though hardly prettier than the fine chintz or percale.

LINEN DAMASSE.

The cheap Bourette linens, in unbleached flax with brilliant threads o orange, green and red, are selling a yard, add to the variety for children's dresses, and are best made trimmed with the bright red, yellow and brown Madras cotton plaids, so stylish for lightening grave colors. The upper skirt has bias bands 2½ inches wide, the ruffles are faced the same width, and the cuffs and pockets are in plaid.

One of the best styles of the season are the brocaded linens, in silver and dark gray of three or four shades, indefinite browns, cream-ecrus, and pale and dark blues with small figures, cool and silvery looking, soft-finished, and precisely like the lustres of silk and wool popular some years ago. Plain linen of the same shades is sold with the damask and combined with it in the dress. The light blues are the particular favorite with young ladies for afternoon dresses and garden parties.

OPENWORK GRENADINES.

Black silk grenadines with markings of old gold, blue and crimson, or more delicate tints of olive, reseda, straw color, pink and blue will come among the most stylish dresses for Summer, allowing gay effects in floss embroideries and bunches of ribbons which show the color of the dress in one group. The large meshed mexicaines are a dollar a yard, finer grenadine $1 50. Dresses of plain black net, with pleatings of black Breton lace, headed by small shells of ribbon, in succeeding colors, pale pink, olive, straw and blue are very airy and tasteful. Lace grenadines in light colors come as low as 65 cents a yard.

HOW TO DRESS LITTLE GIRLS.

A correspondent asks how she shall dress a girl at the awkward age of 10, how long her dresses should be, what hats she should wear, etc. The best furnishing houses prescribe a dress coming halfway below the knee the pantalette just reaching below the knee and not showing at all. Blouse dresses, with yoke and belt of bright color, or loose vest and jacket with shirt overskirt one piece, or the plain princesse frock with pinafore overdress, are the styles usually seen. With suits, no wrap is commonly needed, a light jacket of gray or beige cloth cut in simplest fashion with machine finish being worn for cool mornings. The new sea hat for girls is a high four-sided pagoda crown, of dark mixed gray and white straw, with ribbon bows placed upright on each side, and no band about the crown. The Leghorn hats with white, pale pink or blue ribbon trimming, the brim lined with shirred white silk are perhaps as dressy a style as any. For school, the mixed red and blue or brown and white rough straws wear well, needing little trimming, and that only bows of ribbon placed end to end about the crown. The little Chinese hats of whole straw stitched together are light and pretty, with wreath of tiny blue rosettes about the crown and a knot of small daisies on the peak tied with a bow and ends.

Round turndown collars of linen, two inches wide are worn by school girls, and the bow of narrow ribbon with long ends takes the place of the cravat.

SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Veto Message and its Effect—The Tone of Public Affairs—Mr. Windom's Speech—Hill and Chandler—The Future Policy not Settled

Correspondence of the Blade.

WASHINGTON, May 15, 1879.

The veto message was ready promptly on Monday and although foreshadowed by the tone of sentiment reported from the White House took the caucus conspirators by surprise and produced in that quarter a very deep disgust. On the other hand it is received by the Republicans of all shades with the greatest enthusiasm while it puts the Democrats in a very humiliating position. No great political party was ever before so completely cornered. The contingency of a veto had been discussed and the method of meeting it most in favor was to make a spread about Republican army rule, pass the appropriation bills without the riders and try the feigned issue this Fall at the polls. But the veto has protected the Republicans so carefully as to make this false issue very difficult and the counsels of the conspirators are greatly divided.

The President has expressed himself in the clearest terms as opposed to the use of troops at the polls; and, while he believes that the present laws are sufficient to guard against any such use, he says he should still "find no difficulty in concurring in any additional legislation" to guard it more completely. He is so outspoken and decided on this point that it will not be easy to put him in a false position—He says:

"Holding, as I do, the opinion that any military interference whatever at the polls is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and would tend to destroy the freedom of elections, and sincerely desiring to concur with Congress in all its measures, it is with very great regret that I am forced to the conclusion that the bill before me is not only unnecessary to prevent such interference but is a dangerous departure from long settled and important constitutional principles."

So because it is a sham as to its main object, while, at the same time, it reverses the policy of a hundred years, prevents the Executive from performing his sworn duties and deprives the Federal Government on certain days of the power to protect the public property, he declines to sign it. He could do no otherwise unless he intended to surrender the country to the old and dangerous policy that produced the war. The bill is a cunning device to tie up the hands of the Federal Government and turn it over all power touching the elections to the keeping of the States. The President cuts the gordian knot and makes a stand on the constitutional right of the General Government.

The New York *Herald* has a ringing article in relation to the veto in which it sustains the President and declares that the Democratic cry of protecting the polls is only a pretence. It maintains that the party wanted an issue to make a fight on in order to cover up its divisions and seized on this as the most promising that presented. It says: "Their pretended fear of army interference with the elections was egregious *make believe*, and they are getting what they deserved for trifling with great public interests. They have been so wit to proclaim with suicidal precipitancy that Democratic rule is not peace but agitation and before they get through they will come to a realizing sense of their falsity in agitating the country and disturbing business interests over a feigned alarm which is a mere chimera, without any tangible facts to support it."

The *Herald* has no fear for the appropriations. It remembers what Mr. Sherman said during his visit to Ohio: That if the appropriations were not made, the effect would be to lock up the Treasury and produce a fearful contraction in the money market. The taxes would not be collected as usual, money would flow into the Treasury just as it had always done but as there was no law for paying it out, it would be dammed up in the vaults and thus produce a monetary stringency far more alarming than that produced by the failure of Jay Cooke. This according to the *Herald*, would ruin the party and the country, and is not to be thought of. "No party can live," says that paper, "which contracts the currency by causing it to accumulate in the Treasury."

The veto is the ruling sensation, but in the meantime the caucus conspirators are hedged in on every side. In the House, as if the bitterness of the veto was not sufficient, a trap was sprung on the disconcerted Democracy which added largely to their perplexities. Mr. Dering, a Republican from Iowa, got the floor and surprised the House by moving to suspend the rules in order to pass the army bill without its political rider. This motion forced a vote and put the Democrats on record against their will and without the advice or consent of the omnipotent caucus. But they all voted against it, the ayes being 101 and the nays 109. Then the tenor of the debate in the Senate has not been of the nature of soothing syrup. Mr. Windom had the floor on Monday and made one of the severest as well as one of the best-natured speeches of the series. He quoted from the speeches of Sen. Beck and Sen. Thurman to show the determined action of the caucus conspirators to coerce first the Senate, and when the political character of the Senate was changed, to coerce the President. He said also that he had a private conversation with a leading Democrat, who, in answer to a question by Mr. Windom, said the appropriation bills must not be passed at this session because the time was so long before the meeting of the next Congress that the Government could not live over the intervening time as they had done two years ago, and that the President would be obliged to yield to their wishes. He afterwards stated on being questioned by Sen. Morgan, that the man was Mr. Atkins, Chairman of the House Appropriation Committee.

But still more aggravating was the little speech of Mr. Chandler, in reply to Mr. Hill, of Georgia. Hill, who is one of the men that has been regarded as representing the best Union sentiment of the South, showed that he really represented no Union sentiment whatever. He maintained that the election of Lincoln justified the war; that the Union was not saved by the Republicans, but by the Democrats; that the South was right in being solid, and that there would be disunion again if the Democrats did not preserve the Union against a solid North. But he also quoted a letter written by Mr. Chandler, to show that the Michigan Senator had acted to defeat the peace measures inaugurated to preserve the Union. Mr. Chandler took the floor to reply, and at once assumed the responsibility of the letter, and then went on to tell the circumstances under which it was written. He said:

I had been here four years listening to threats of withdrawing from the Union. A common threat was: "Do this or do that and we will dissolve the Union." Treason was in the White House, treason in the Cabinet, treason in the Senate, and treason in the House of Representatives; bold, outspoken, rampant treason was daily and hourly uttered. It was said upon this floor in my presence by a Senator, "You may give us a blank sheet of paper and let us fill it up as we please, and then we will not live with you." And another Senator stood here beside that Senator and said, "I stand by the Senator from Texas." Treason was applauded in the galleries of this body, and treason was talked on the streets, in the street cars, in private circles; everywhere. The flag of rebellion had been raised; the Union was already dissolved, we were told; the rebel government was already established with its capital in Alabama; "and now we will negotiate with you," was said to us. Upon what basis would you negotiate? Upon what basis did you call your peace convention? With rampant rebellion staring us in the face. Sir, it was no time to negotiate. The time for negotiation was past. We had offered everything we could in the way of negotiation, everything in the way of compromise, and all our proffers had been indignantly refused.

That was Mr. Chandler's apology for his letter. How much these things are to be regretted I need not say. Only a few months ago we were all believing that there was to be a permanent peace between the old belligerents. The President with a generous magnanimity had determined to take the Southern leaders at their word.

He listened to their complaints, he took one of their number into his Cabinet, he appointed some of their chief men to office. What was the effect? They said: "This is the heir! come let us kill him and the inheritance will be ours." They seized on the generous policy of the President as a means to strangle the Republican party, to destroy the rights of the emancipated negroes, to break down the safe guards of the ballot, and have instituted a war in the Federal Government which reveals a purpose to either destroy it or to make it a captive to the defunct confederacy. No wonder that the country is alarmed. Happy will it be for the Nation if so mad a strife shall end in empty words.

BUCKEYE.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-sixth Congress--Extra Session.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, May 16.

Mr. WARNER moved to dispense with the morning hour. Rejected—113 to 72—not the necessary two-thirds in the affirmative.

Mr CANNON, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported a bill making additional appropriations for the service of the Postoffice Department for the fiscal years ending June 30, 1879, and 30, 1880.

Ordered printed and recommitted.

The bill appropriates $31,000 for the payment of letter carriers for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880, and $250,000 for additional salaries of letter carriers for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1879. It provides that in Cities of less that 75,000 inhabitants the salaries of letter carriers shall be $800, and in Cities of more than 75,000 the letter carriers shall be divided into two classes, one to receive $900 and the other $800 per annum. It also authorizes the employment of letter carriers in Cities of not less that 30,000 inhabitants, provided the free delivery in Cities where it is now established shall not be affected thereby.

The SPEAKER then proceeded to call the Committees for reports of a private nature.

Mr. WRIGHT, from the select committee on the causes of the present depression in labor, reported a resolution for the further appropriation of $2,000 for that committee.

Mr. CONGER made a point of order that this was not private business unless it was to defray the private expenses of the committee on an excursion. If the gentleman would say that that was the object he (Conger) would withdraw the point. (Laughter.)

Mr. WRIGHT expostulated with Mr. Conger, saying that that gentleman had promised not to object.

Mr. WHITE—Is this asked for as so to take the Committee to California?

Mr. WRIGHT—I do not stand here to be interrogated. [Laughter.]

The point of order was not withdrawn and was sustained by the Speaker.

Mr. JONES, from the Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads, reported adversely upon the bill restoring the franking privilege.

The point of order being made that it was a public bill, the report was not admitted.

The morning hour having expired, Mr. HATCH from the Committee on Agriculture, reported the bill to prevent the spread of contagious diseases among cattle.

It was made the special order for Tuesday next.

The House then resumed consideration of the Warner Silver bill, the pending section being the third, which provides that every owner of silver bullion may deposit the same to be formed into bars or into standard dollars for his benefit.

The pending amendment was the one offered by Mr. Mills, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase without limit all silver bullion, trade dollars and foreign silver coin that may be offered for sale at the market value of silver, and such purchases shall be continued as long as 412½ grains of standard silver can be obtained for one dollar in legal tender treasury notes. All such purchases shall be paid for with a new issue of legal tender treasury notes, and all the holders of silver coins of the United States may present the same in sums of not less than $20, and receive per for the same, and all silver coins of the United States shall be receivable in payment of all government dues, and for all debts, public and private, and the Secretary of the Treasury is directed to have silver bullion, trade dollars, and foreign silver coin coined into American silver coin as fast as practicable; to apply all silver coin of the United States that may come into the Treasury to the payment of the principal and interest of the public debt, before using any of the gold or Treasury notes of the government for that purpose.

Mr. MILLS argued in favor of his amendment, which was opposed by Mr. CASWELL.

Mr. Mills' amendment was then rejected, yeas, 59; nays, 55.

The next amendment was one offered by Mr. SPRINGER, providing for the issue of certificates to depositors of silver bullion but only to the amount of the market value thereon. He modified it, however, so as to authorize and require the issue of certificates "to the full amount of bullion so deposited." The difference in value, however, is to be placed to the credit of the treasury, the depositor being only paid for the market value of the bullion.

Other amendments were offered and ordered printed.

Without further action on the bill the House adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 19.

Consideration was resumed of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial appropriation bill.

A communication was read from the Secretary of the Treasury in response to the resolution of the 10th inst. by which he was directed to report what amount of United States legal tender notes have been redeemed in coin since the 1st day of January, 1879; and "also, what amount of coin he considered himself authorized to retain in the Treasury for the purpose of maintaining resumption of specie payments under the provisions of the act of January 4th, 1875."

Sec. Sherman writes: There has been redeemed in coin since January 1, 1879, of legal tender notes, an amount of $4,133,513. As to the amount of coin authorized to be retained in the Treasury for the purpose of meeting resumption of specie payments, I have to state that under the provisions of the resumption act authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury, in order to prepare and provide for the redemption of United States notes, to use any surplus revenue in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, and to issue certain bonds of the United States. The coin reserve of the Treasury has been increased to $138,000,000, that being about 40 per cent. of the notes outstanding to be redeemed, and believed to be the smallest reserve upon which resumption could be prudently commenced and successfully maintained, as fully set forth in my last annual report. This reserve arose from the sale of $90,500,000 of bonds, and from the surplus revenues as authorized by law, and it must, under existing law, be maintained unimpaired for the purpose for which it was created.

Sen. BLAINE, speaking on the Legislative bill, said that attempts were made to show that Webster had recantied and changed his views on the nature of our Government in his closing years. The chance words used by different men to describe our governmental system need not be taken too literally. The important fact is that, as between Nationality and State Rights, Webster threw his influence in favor of the former. He quoted Webster's own comments on their campaign spring speech showing that he had been misrepresented by the construction placed upon that speech in the South. Sen. Blaine read from Webster's comments on the Constitution to the effect that the very first resolution adopted by the Constitutional Convention of 1787 decided that the Government should be National and not a mere compact between States. Webster made use of the word compact when he said the Government was the result of a compact between the people and not between States. Senator Eaton had evidently got his inspiration for Friday's speech from A. H. Stephens' history, a mischievous book, the more so as it is written by a sincere man, a fact making its misrepresentations doubly dangerous. Another of Stephens, misstatements was that Webster declined to vote against Calhoun's States Rights resolution of 1838. Webster had elaborately denounced those resolutions, yet Stephens said Webster ominously refrain from putting himself on record against them. Senator Blaine quoted further from Webster's views in alluding to Hill's assertion that he assented to Secession as he would to the death of his father, with sadness of heart.

Sen. BAYARD rose and warmly defended the loyalty of the people of Delaware. He said Sen. Blaine could not mention one unpatriotic act of that State. He had always personally resented an imputation of disloyalty. The oath required of us as an insult to a people who needed no inducement to loyalty.

The bill was then reported back to the Senate and the amendments made in Committee were agreed to, except that authorizing the employment of three additional clerks in the Postoffice Department, which was disagreed to, yeas 26, nays 26.

It was agreed that the vote on the so-called political part of the bill should be taken to-morrow at 4 P. M.

After executive session the Senate adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 20.

Sen. M'DONALD asked leave to introduce a bill authorizing the President of the United States to employ militia and land and naval forces of the United States to enforce laws whenever their execution are obstructed by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by judicial authorities, etc., [illegible] the army troops [illegible] as authorized by the Constitution and laws.

Sen. EDMUNDS objected to the introduction of the bill on the ground that previous notice had not been given.

Sen. M'DONALD then withdrew the bill and gave notice that he should ask leave to introduce it to-morrow.

The consideration of the legislative, judicial, and executive appropriation bill was then resumed.

Sen. SAUNDERS read a short speech in opposition to the bill, arguing that the use of the military is necessary to secure fair elections in the South.

Sen. WHYTE said the political clauses of the bill were not extensive enough to meet his views, which were opposed to all Federal interference, civil or military, in State affairs. In his judgment there is no such thing as a National election. Electors are either State or Municipal. Senators and Representatives are agents, and responsible to States.

HOUSE.

The business of the morning hour was a bill to amend the laws relating to the transfer of cases from State to Federal Courts, and Mr. Turner concluded his argument against it. He said that there was but one power sovereign and supreme in this broad land, and that was the power of the Government of the United States.

Mr. FRYE moved to lay the bill on the table.

The motion was defeated—yeas, 98; nays, 142. The vote was a strict party one, with the exception of Mr. Conger, who voted in the negative for the purpose of moving a re-consideration. Of the Greenbackers, Jones, Ladd and Ford voted in the affirmative and Lowe, Morch, Stevenson, Weaver, De La Matyr and Gillett in the negative.

The result of the vote on the motion to lay on the table the motion to reconsider the vote, was agreed to—yeas, 117; nays, 97.

Consideration was then resumed of the Warner Silver bill, the question being on the third section, allowing the deposit of bullion at any mint, and its being coined for the benefit of the owner.

Avoid Fraudulent Imitations.

The many imitations of a good thing are the best evidences of its worth. No one ever saw a counterfeit note on a busted bank. So the imitators in plan and policy of the celebrated Louisiana State Lottery Company make a flourish in a way calculated to attract some notice; but 10 years' practical test has proven that this institution has always fulfilled its promises to the letter, and many hundred thousands of dollars have been distributed. For further information, apply to M. A. DAUPHIN, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans.

Fortune's Favors.

The Commonwealth Distribution Company of Louisville, Ky., will send out to the holders of lucky numbers in their Ninth Grand Drawing, on Saturday, May 31st, the immense sum of $112,400 in cash, and nearly 2,000 other prizes. Prominent citizens of Kentucky will personally supervise these drawings, thus insuring a fair chance to all ticket holders.

Reader, has fickle Fortune dealt harshly with you? Perhaps now she will favor you—you who read this. Only $2 is required to purchase a whole ticket, which may result in your acquiring a fortune of $5,000, $10,000, or $20,000. Some ticket holder must receive these handsome gifts. A half ticket costs $1, and you might receive the half of any one of these great sums. Is not the venture one fit to be made?

The time is brief. Send orders at once to T. J. COMMERFORD, Secretary, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.

We have been shown by the Bissell Manufacturing Company, whose advertisement of Robbins' Improved Washer appears in this issue, hundreds of letters of testimonials from people who have tried the article. We believe it to be one of the greatest inventions of the age.

LA CREME DE'S CHRONIQUES.

What the Alleged Wits of Paris Find to Say in their Papers.

A young man at St. Petersburg who was found to kiss a beautiful young lady of his acquaintance (very slight) seized the chance offered by the Easter season, procured a costly Easter egg and presented it to her. She accepted it, but when he was about to imprint a—a—one upon her ruby lips she drew back.

"Why, everybody gives everybody else Easter eggs and kisses them today," said the young man.

"I know it, but you being a comparative stranger and not an intimate friend should have appeared in full dress, and presented me with the egg before kissing me."

The young man did not let the snow grow under the runners of his sleigh on his way home, changed his dress and returned and addressed the customary salutation to the young woman.

"He is indeed," replied she, but drew back when he attempted to kiss her.

"Why is this thus?" said the young man, nettled. "Haven't I got on a dress suit?"

"Yes; but you haven't got an Easter egg. You seem resolved not to conform with the usages of good society."

***

X. is egotistic in the extreme.

The other day he had occupied about 10 minutes in delivering some personal reminiscences of himself when he was interrupted.

"Where was I—what was I saying when I left off?" he asked, the interruption being at an end.

"You were saying 'I,'" replied one of the listeners with the passing tribute of a yawn.

***

Before the Cadi a Mahometan was brought up for burning down a Christian's house.

"Where is the complainant?"

"May our souls be a sacrifice, but he is in the other world! He was burned up with his house."

"The Koran," said the magistrate, "provides that where the complainant is unable to appear, if his abiding place be known the culprit shall be taken there and confronted with him. In the present case the plaintiff does not appear and is known to be in the next world. Let the law be executed—ditto the prisoner."

Gone to meet his victim.

***

An elderly gentleman finds himself at a masked ball set upon by three lively dominos, who finally ask of him in chorus.

"Oh, is it true you are 60 years old?"

"Whoever told you so, ladies, told you a no-such-thing," cries the old gentlemen, gallantly. "I'm 20 years old for each of you—that's what I am."

***

A clergyman of an original turn of mind is passing by a parishioner's shop, and in order to emphasize a great moral lesson bounds suddenly in crying "Boo!" Naturally the parishoner starts.

"You did not expect to have me call?"

"I did not, by a blessed sight."

"Suppose I had been Death—where would you been? Chaw on that!" and the excellent clergyman vanishes.

***

"My dear baron," said she timidly, "I am such a silly child, while you are so witty and accomplished and have such an irresistible way of putting things, that I wish you would show me how to ——"

"How to what, my dear?"

"How to let you know delicately but firmly, that I want you to let me have 50 louis that I am most desperately in need of."

***

Signboard illustrating the peculiar politeness of the French and their ideas on the women question:

"Step in Here for your Wine which Maketh Glad the Heart of Man—and of Woman, too, if you Choose to Give Her Some."

***

The manager had invited his friend to call round and see some of the wondrous attractions he had collected for the season's tenting tour, specifying in particular a giant as big as a house and twice as human.

"I say, old fellow, says the friend, after a careful inspection, "I don't want to cast a gloom over your entire community, but I don't think your giant is quite up to the representations in the small bills."

"Well," says the manager, "he is a little off. I didn't think he seemed quite up to himself to-night."

***

Yesterday, Rue Hauteriville, a mister finds himself in the rear of a youth of 15 years, who himself marches behind a child of eight or ten years.

All at once and without any reason apparent, the youth sends the cap of the little child into the gutter.

But at the same instant this bad funny (*mauvais drole*) receives at the base of his loins a blow of the foot of first class of the mister, who says to him of the tone the most solemn, in showing him the sky with the finger.

"The vengeance of heaven!"

A Blunder and its Reward.

Forney's Progress, Translation.

During the first visit to Paris, M. Lasalle, a distinguished German, presented himself at the house of a well-known lady; to whom he had sent letters of introduction in advance. When the servant opened the door and received his card she conducted him to the boudoir and told him to be seated, saying: "Madame will come immediately."

Presently the lady entered. She was in deshabille and her feet were bare, covered only with loose slippers. She bowed to him carelessly and said: "Ah, there you are; good morning."

She threw herself on the sofa, let fall a slipper and reached out to Lasalle her very pretty foot.

Lasalle was naturally completely astounded, but he remembered that at his home in Germany it was the custom sometimes to kiss a lady's hand and he supposed it was the Paris mode to kiss her foot. Thereupon he did not hesitate to imprint a kiss upon the fascinating foot so near him, but he could not avoid saying "I thank you, madame, for this new method of making a lady's acquaintance. It is much better and certainly more generous than kissing the hand."

The lady jumped up, highly indignant. "Who are you, sir, and what do you mean?"

He gave his name.

"You are not, then, a corn doctor?"

"I am charmed to say, madame, that I am not."

"But you sent me the corn-doctor's card."

It was true. Lasalle in going out that morning had picked up the card of a corn doctor from his bureau and put it in his pocket. This without glancing at he had given to the servant, who had taken it to her mistress. There was nothing to do but laugh over the joke.

Olive Logan relates this in one of her letters: "I heard of a rather amusing reply given the other evening at a ball by an American girl in London society, who had strayed away from the ballroom. Her mother subsequently discovered her in a remote nook with a gentleman, who had his arm around her waist, while she rested the tips of her pretty little fingers on his manly shoulder. 'Daughter, what's all this?' exclaimed the irate mamma. The daughter looked up calmly and replied: 'Mamma, allow me to introduce Capt. X. to you. I had promised him a dance, but I was so tired that I couldn't keep my word, and I'm just giving him a sitting-still waltz instead.'"

Everything is about two weeks late this spring. Even the sea serpent, which regularly makes its debut at the watering-places about this time of year, has not yet appeared. We can not decide whether sea side resort to bother with our presence until we know at which one the sea serpent is going to board.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Wise Deacon.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbors one or two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.

Death of Asa Packer.

Pennsylvania has long been noted for the number of successful business men, starting in the lower walks of life, who have held leading positions in public affairs. Not to name others, ex-Gov. Ritner, Simon Cameron and Asa Packer will be recognized as among these—all of whom arose from the ranks of the laboring classes and fought their way to success. The latter of those here named, died at Philadelphia on the 17th, after a somewhat protracted illness. He was born in Mystic, Conn., a little village lying midway between New London and Stonington

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

From Barbara Greene.

Oh, dear! What are those miserable brothers to do? They are learning now what they should have thought of and sowed out before marriage, viz: one house, no matter how large, is too small for two families. Seems to me they are tired of married life rather early. Do read upon it, there is another side to the question. You have not done as you should. Did not present the matter to them fully, perhaps, before taking them to an out of the way place. Did you not know of their nose-leading before marriage? I presume you do, and rather praised them for not being strong minded, and they, of course, thinking that what you disapproved of must be wrong, never tried to improve themselves. I wish the wives of those miserably married creatures would give their side of the matter. Pshaw! I don't believe there are any wives. "Farmer's Wife," I like your protest. No earthly reason to suppose a man rough because his hands are not white. Many a brave, tender heart beats beneath a farmer's jerket. Ivy thinks she has settled the Woman rights question, but I think her letter shows that she has not given one thought to the subject. Consider how many women arrived of their just rights in the matter of wages when are the rights? A hired man gets from $15 to $25 a month and the girl from $3 to $10, and she is up as early and to bed as late as he. In many States a man gets twice as much for doing no better work in the school room than a woman. Vassar College discharged a male cook and hired a woman, giving her just one half, and the work was fully as well done. The wife works as honestly, earnestly and often beyond her strength, yet if she wants spending money must ask for what is justly her own, and if the request is granted it is often prefaced by "what do you want with it?" "Where is that I gave you last week?" Gave! Do not suppose I think all men are so. No, I am glad to say I know they are not, but many are. Is it right? A woman must pay taxes (she has a *right* to do that) but no right to say how the money is to be employed. She has no right to say who shall teach her children, no right to object to an incompetent person being placed in the position of director. One that has no interest whatever in the school. No, no she must keep still. "Let them keep their pieces." Maybe Ivy will kindly tell us where that is. In the kitchen I suppose. Then Mrs. Editress you must leave your post to some man. Lady teachers must step from the schoolroom; lady writers give up their position and all make a rush for the four walls of some house, and their place of duty. The opponents of woman rights always bring up the toplean, "men must come in the house, and they don't want to." I wonder if they believe it, while they are trying to get others to. Don't they know it will not be necessary! but if a woman can make a good doctor, lawyer, merchant, or even legislator, give her the chance and let the women be brave, and loyal to God and themselves, and make the most of the rights and talents he gave to them, the same as to man. If they can make good preachers, let them preach; if teaching is their calling, let them teach; if electioneering, let them electioneer, and instead of us women throwing stumbling blocks in their way, and sneering at them, let us thank God, that although we cannot *do* so there are those of our sex that can. Woman seem to mind their business as well as some of our official men at present whose motto seems to be, "We'll mind some other person's business." God pity the nation if there is more twisting and squabbling done when women vote for it was cold wolves a great deal more I should think. Women are afraid to think for themselves. They take refuge behind "It's unwomanly," or "our duty is elsewhere," when the truth is, they do not stop to think *where* duty calls them. I do not see why any one should try to excuse tobacco chewing, "no worse than women do." That sounds like a man. It is no good excuse any way, my father used to see for years, although very clean I never heard him try to excuse the habit and we were all glad when he died. Who cleans the spittoon? I never knew of a man doing it very long and a more disgusting work I know not of. Bah! it makes me feel sick to think of it. I'm very thankful I don't have to clean ours.

BARBARA GREEN.

Council Bluff, Ia.

Let the Piano legs Stay Covered.

In your last issue "Woodmoss," of Dewitt, Ia., criticises sharply those who condemned as immodest the (to her eyes) "beautiful statuary exhibited at the Centennial." She says it was because of their own depraved, corrupt tastes that they failed to appreciate the "beauty of line and form copied into marble from God's own model."

We think that the man or woman who would stand and unblushingly gaze at an *exact* image of the human form, male or female, either chiseled out of stone or painted on canvas, is immodest, and could just as unblushingly stare at the nude form of a living man or woman.

It is true that the human form is of Divine origin, and that Christ had such a form when on earth, but because He did so or because God saw proper to make man and woman in the excellent manner that He did, it does not follow that he intended that public exhibitions of His handiwork in a nude state should be made.

If He had desired such an exhibition of all the parts of the mortal frame, He would doubtless have given us some such natural covering as He has given to most other animals of His creation, and thus made our present mode of covering the body entirely unnecessary.

Speaking of the beauty of mankind, what is it if that makes them pre-eminently beautiful above everything else in God's creation? Is it in the shape of an arm, a leg, or in the roundness of the bust, as "Woodmoss" would have us believe? Surely not; it is in the face, the countenance, the eye as it is lighted up by an immortal soul looking out and flashing intelligence to others of its kind.

We believe in "genuine modesty" as much as any one, and detest mock modesty.

We would respectfully call "Woodmoss'" attention to the fact that in Europe (and perhaps in the United States), the artists who make this "beautiful statuary" employ young "ladies" of fine form to sit entirely nude as models for them.

We suppose this must be necessary in order that we may have the "beautiful statuary." What would you or I, or any taste man or woman think of a sister, wife or friend, who would place herself in such a position?

"CICERO."

Her Right to Sing Bass.

I get very indignant sometimes, when I hear people say that women have a weaker intellect than men. Talk of woman being of inferior intellect. Please inform us in what respect. Inform us of a man on earth that can successfully perform as many different things as most woman do. There are many women of this land—yes, and all other lands too—who are cook, laundress, nurse, seamstresses, housekeepers, and companion, all of which demand thought, care, and work, and yet expected to be calm, and cheerful when the men come home at night from their one uninteresting occupation, for if a man has a trade or profession he does that, and 99 times in 100 he has a "hobch" at any thing else. It's proverbial of men to be "Jack-of-all trades and master of none," if he has no regular business. Yet they say women are weaker-minded than men. Put a certain number of women at men's work, and the same number of men at women's. Let the men be required to have the care of several children, and the worry of cooking three meals of good victuals daily, besides the family sewing, washing and ironing, all of which women have to do and much more, and let the women have only the one trade or profession that men usually ever learn, and see which would be first to acknowledge the other's work most trying to mental powers.

Politics—voting, is the great subject of the day, trying to determine if women have the right to vote. Right indeed as if a woman were not as capable of voting in the right as the long down trodden negro, and the low, ignorant Irish, Dutch and Americans. If I were a man I certainly would be ashamed to say, by my actions, that my mother, wife or sister did not have as much common sense as they.

The day is coming, and is not far distant, when *one thou* will be the standard that will determine who shall vote and who not. Ye noble men, ye superior men let a certain degree of education be required of each one, and not the sex of persons presenting themselves at the ballot box. If you want purity at elections, purity, methinks I hear some one laugh, whoever heard or even dreamed of purity at elections. But it will be heard of and seen too, when, not sex, nor force, nor money, but education governs the world. A negro knows no more about the fitness of this man for Governor, or that man for Senator, or the other man for President, than a child a few years old. If he is not educated, if he don't know how to read, one party will tell him to vote for this side, and of course the other party will try and persuade him to vote on the other side, and nine times out of ten he will vote for the one who gives him the money, or if he knows the ones who are trying to get his vote, he will vote for the side of the man he likes best, thus judging the party by one man. Let the cry be from all over the world. Equality of education makes equality in voting. Ignorance has ruled all too long already. Ignorance is not bliss now a days.

A WOMAN.

The Baby.

So many mothers all over the land are already beginning to feel a little anxious over "baby" in the coming hot weather —"borrowing trouble," perhaps, but with sufficiently grave reasons to make any hints on the care and feeding of these tender darlings, eagerly sought for. A correspondent in the Household gives some very sensible comments on the subject, and the editor hopes other mothers will do so from time to time:

Improper diet may be regarded as one of the main causes of sickness among infants.

During the Summer months many babies sicken and die; we see the evidence of death among our friends and neighbors every day, while we hear from afar of the same mortality among strangers.

The babies who are cruelly deprived of their natural food, mothers milk, have a slim chance for life. We have recently seen it stated that the per cent. of deaths among babies nursed by their own mothers is eleven per cent. less than it is among babies entrusted to wet nurses, while the loss of life is very much greater among those who must depend upon bottle nursing for their subsistence.

Babies, like grown people, cannot digest as strong food in extremely warm weather as they can in cold weather, and a very fruitful cause of disease among children in our large cities is the milk purchased from the milkman, which is adulterated until it is wholly unfit for their delicate stomachs. The most innocent milk is found to disagree with a child some other form of diet should at once be substituted. The milk of the goat is said to be more similar to their natural food than any other. Cows' milk contains more casseine and less sugar than other milks, and requires to be sweetened a little, as well as diluted with warm water, for very young babies; the milk should be given at a temperature of 90 degrees, and always at the same heat.

When artificial feeding is resorted to there are many things which may be used, oat-meal gruel, oat flour, pearled wheat, gluten mush, grated bread, barley gruel, made from the granulated rye, and they are in daily use in many families.

Next to the feeding of infants comes the clothing. Soft flannel should always be used next to the skin. Lace, fine linen and embroidery gratifies the mother's vanity, but are uncomfortable to the tender flesh of a young babe, and should never be used.

Babies should be daily bathed in warm water, when great care should be taken to have the room at a comfortable temperature. If a baby's skin shows the least sign of irritation wash carefully with gluten soap, starch dry, without rubbing. A little baby is a tender thing, and may easily die before one could think of serious illness, therefore great care should be given by a mother to her little ones, and her reward will be the possession of healthy, thrifty children.

MRS. E. R. P.

Homes For the Refugees.

Your letters of appeal, in behalf of the colored refugees, prompts this letter.

The colored refugees are just what we want, especially the women and girls. Why need they go to Kansas when right here in Illinois families are suffering as much for their services as *they* are suffering for the necessaries of life, which we offer to them with good wages.

I hear people say "I would be glad to get the colored people for help, they are faithful, good servants," but how to get them has hitherto been the question. Families, obliged to keep help are constrained to pay two and a half to three dollars and upwards a week, because help is scarce. Why can't we have the colored girls and thus lighten our burden, for any girl can dress well on one dollar and a half a week with dry goods at their present fabulously low prices. Why should they be assisted to go from our States where they might really be the most independent class.

Is there no one to move in this matter? Ladies! You who have it in your power, can you not select from the Refugees girls and women who could come into our kitchen and nurseries and be a blessing and comfort to us, and send them through our country.

We need them, we ought to have them. It would be ten thousand times better for them if you would comfortably clothe them and send them to Committees that might be appointed in every large City to receive them. The high wages of servant girls puts help far out of the reach of many a poor housewife, who is dying under her load of work and care just so certainly as the poor ex-slaves are suffering for lack of the food and clothes they could earn in these same families.

I am speaking for the females, some other person may speak for the males.

INTERESTED.

Give it to the Boys Awhile.

In the BLADE of April 3rd, I notice a chat with school girls by Mary Douglas, and I think it good, but I think in teaching them how to walk she makes one mistake, that is she says step off with the right foot, now, I claim it should be the left foot as all drills are conducted that way, and if a gentleman walking with a lady steps off with the left, and she with the right, it will certainly throw them out of step and be very disagreeable.

So much advice given young girls I think is wrong. Now my experience is that the girls are far in advance of the boys, and I find some girls that have never had a mother to instruct them, that did make me behave myself when in their company.

Let some one teach the boys how to behave and I am sure the girls will quit their flirting. The girls are not to blame, fair innocent ones. It is the miserable boys that are not taught to respect their sisters, that do the evil, then the girl is the one that is to catch it. I say let the girls rest a little and make the boys understand what is right.

SOD HOUSE.

Sunday Visiting—The Other Side.

I could not refrain from saying a few words to Rustic in regard to Sabbath visiting. Although I do not approve of visiting on Sunday myself, nevertheless there are some of our friends can not go on any other day; and who of us is so selfish as not to have her friends come? Nay, Rustic, in that bill of fare," I fear lies the whole trouble, and where our sister-woman is so much to blame. Surely if we have bread, sauces, meats, etc., in readiness, what if there is to do that one can't accomplish while our kettles boil and arranging our tables. Let some one set the example and others will quickly follow. To my mind the better way is less to eat and more of our society.

To the lady who spoke of some who would be glad of $20 to spend for real fine matter, I will say I scarcely think I have more than that amount to spend for necessities in the course of a year. I have my cow and chickens, and by the time my husband gives half of what he raises and $50 or $60 a year for house and garden patch he doesn't have much cash to spare, and it takes management to procure us the dear old BLADE.

MRS. SANNA V.

More About Flannels.

In answer to M. V. B.'s question as to how to wash flannels so they will not shrink. This is "mother's way," and I find it a good one. It makes but little if any difference whether the water that is used is hot, warm, or even cold, so that they are always washed, rinsed and blued in soft water of the same temperature; I prefer it, however, with the chill only taken off, as it prevents colored flannels from changing their color; rub no soap upon them, but use strong soap suds in which a teaspoonful of borax to every pail of water is dissolved. Rinse thoroughly in clear water, and blue the white ones a very little, and squeeze rather than wring them, unless you have a wringer. Do not hang out of doors on a cold day, nor yet near a fire. Iron with a moderately cool iron while damp.

I agree so entirely with "Vic," when she says she derives benefit from the Household; that I send her a remedy for chapped hands: One ounce of glycerine, one half ounce rose or soft water, and five drops carbolic acid. Use the last carefully, as it is poisonous when taken inwardly. Three drops in a teacup of water, used once a day with a nasal syringe, or sprinkled up from the hand, will cure ordinary catarrh.

MRS. H. K.

Box 81, Evanstone, Wyoming Ter.

More About Rugs.

I will give my way of making a rug, the material of which any farmer's wife has. If Vic will try it she will find that she can make a pretty and durable rug: Cut and sew cotton rags, the same as for a rag carpet, make two large needles out of wood (oak is the best) nine inches in length and as large around as a lead pencil, knit in strips five stitches the first strip, six the next, adding one stitch each strip you make, cut a piece of cloth the size of a plate for the center of your rug, sew the strips around it, seven of which will make a large rug. Also, if she will rub glycerine on her hands before retiring at night, her hands will not chap.

I could send the words but not the music to some of those old songs which Hope Eldridge asked for. Will not the lady who writes for the Household in Wyoming Territory, tell us something of election days there. I have read that all is quiet and peaceful there on election days, and then again, I saw an account saying that the noise at the polls resembled that made by a flock of geese. I hope Althea will write again and give advice to a young teacher.

ROSA JOHNSON.

Mill Spring, Mo,

Correct.

Would that more of the young ladies would pass such noble resolutions as did "Malula" and friends, and that they would stick to them. For it is evident that the majority of the young men of the present day are so rapidly taking up with those loathsome babies, making not only themselves but everybody they come in contact with, feel the effects of them, and there is not one in 50 that says he is glad he acquired the habit after it has enslaved. Why do they begin then? Truthfully they answer, for appearance and as long as admired they will continue them. but as soon as they are made an abhorrence that soon will the young men aspire to something more manly. Brace up girls and let them know that you have something to live for. The time to stop habits is before they begin them and may your do all you can to prevent them by showing your disapproval. Often have ladies remarked that their "Dashing Charlie" looked so cute behind a cigar, but Charlie's cuteness all felled him by the time they had lived together a few years and his old pipe laid around the house. If you get a man that uses tobacco don't grow, it is your own fault.

SAM HANDWITCH.

Lima, Ohio.

The Very Last.

With the following gallant (?) article we close the discussion of the affairs of the "*Two Miserable Married Brothers*." Now with regard to abandoning those claims: I should abandon my wife first, unless she persisted in a change of venue. I myself consider that turnaway wives should not be dismantled or raided by such things as the poultry and the making of butter and cheese. The amount they would make if diligence would be sufficient. We have too many women that want to make walking millinery shops of themselves. Now the best thing you can do is either to persuade them to go back home, or contrive a plan to get them into the Poor House; there they will be obliged to work. In my opinion, the pictures and fine rooms serve to make some women more intolerant, and a woman that takes no interest in the home will not take an interest in pictures and portraits. If they plot together to make a strike, then it is best to separate them. I think very certain that married life is most inconvenient to make the best of it.

IRA J. PORTER.

Eumeston, Iowa.

Cross Words.

How many miserable and unhappy homes there are all over our land, simply because there are so many cross words and sour looks. Does any one think it really necessary to speak crossly if things do not go just to suit? It is just as easily to speak kindly and pleasantly, and how much more pleasure it is to those around us; kind words, pleasant looks and sweet smiles make home happy. Our Creator did not intend we should live in this beautiful world and devote our time to grumbling and scolding. He has endowed us with talents, intellectual and moral; he has given us a greater work, if we will but accept it—a work that will bring happiness and comfort to ourselves and to all around us. I do not say this is the case everywhere, but visit some of the homes that are unhappy, and you will see, as a general thing, it is caused by cross words and scolding.

JENNIE.

A Few Words about School Government.

I do not think we can do away with corporal punishment. Before I commenced my first school I thought I would get along without whipping, but a few weeks of teaching convinced me that a whip would effect an improvement in my school, I procured one, and it was not long before there was a decided improvement in school. I know parents will make a terrible fuss, but if the pupil needs it you will come out all right in the end. I would like to have some of the teachers of the Household express an opinion.

A. D. BROWN.

Havana, Ohio.

That Parlor Organ.

I think the mothers of our country are a great deal to blame for so many poor housekeepers. They don't teach the girls how to work when they are young. When they are old enough they must be started to school and kept there until they are graduates (some of them.) They get all their learning from books, and never learn to keep house as they should. When they get married they don't know enough to get a breakfast; they can't wash, iron, bake, or do anything of the kind, and if they try to get breakfast it takes them so long that Harry is late at his work. My opinion is that there would not be so many divorces if the boys and girls were taught at home how to manage and save. I think any sound-minded man would rather see a young lady at work when he happened to call than always forever at the organ.

WORKING MOLLIE.

Fannie Dale on Spanking.

As for the good old-fashioned spanking that our sisters speak of, I do not believe in it at all. I cannot think that whipping children ever did any good; if they are naturally bad, whipping makes them worse; if they are good, I am certain they do not need it. You may abuse and terrify children until they may do as you tell them while in your presence, but when away they will do very differently, and it is in this way that the foundation is laid for a bad and wicked character. A little child is very sensitive, and if often slighted and abused will in time be ruined. When a person arrives at years of maturity, if he has been blessed with a happy home and a mother's love, these pleasant associations will ever be the guiding star to safely guide him through life.

FANNIE DALE.

Fancy Prairie, Ills.

A Little Eight Year Old.

I am a little girl eight years old. I can milk, wash the dishes, sweep the floor, I can work in the garden and piece quilts. I will tell you what kind of a quilt I am piecing. I piece four square blocks together; then join them with a strip of pink with a little green block in the center; it makes a very pretty little block. I go to school, read, spell study arithmetic and write. I go to Sunday School and preaching, attend to baby for my mamma—in fact I do most anything a little girl of my age can do. Grandmother thinks I can sing sweetly.

CORA CHILDBARS.

Lena Valley, Kan.

Hard on Them.

I want to tell Aunt Mary that I knew a young lady who refused several young gentlemen for their bad habits alone. No. 1, used profane language. No. 2 tobacco. No. 3, played cards and went to dances. This same young lady always refused the company of any man whose habits were bad. She is now married to a man, who never uses tobacco in any form, swears, goes to dances, plays cards nor uses any kind of drink but cold water. He is the kindest, best of husbands in the world.

THE WIFE OF THAT HUSBAND.

Garner, Iowa.

Dangerous to be Good.

I would like to say to I. B. Lonesome, of Toledo, O., that I do not consider there is any art in getting a good husband, but as far as my observation goes they are hard to keep. It occurs to me that good husbands, like very good children (those we read about in Sunday School books,) usually die young.

MRS. P. A. CHADWICK.

Stubbtts, Ill.

Queries, Answers, Etc.

Ladies, read Fruit Dryer advertisement.

D. L. Ball must be good natured, for a fact if he did nothing worse than say the Lord's prayer after having all that bad luck. Will some one tell me what distilled water is?—WILDFERN, Barber's Mills, Wells Co., Ind.

(Write your exchange directly to the lady whose address you give.—ED)

Will some one give a good recipe for Washington pie?—E. D., Hilladale, Mich.

If Hopeful will address me I think I can give her a recipe that will cure catarrh, at least it did in my own family within a month after the first application; has also cured four others that I made medicine for; it is an outward application. I also can give her a recipe to make black ink.

(No address given to this letter,—ED.

In answer to the request of Rosamond E. in regard to brown bread making, I would say that I take a stone kettle and put half a brick in the bottom, put in water, but not enough to boil over the bread. I use a two-quart crock, not one of the broad ones, but as high as it is wide. I cover the kettle and steam two hours or longer; then I take it out of the crock and set it in the oven on a brick, or something that will keep it from baking any more at the bottom (as that part of the bread will be already a nice brown), and bake it on the top about an hour. Another item—When you have to prepare onions for cooking, if you will put a piece of bread on the point of the knife, it will prevent the odor of the onions from affecting the eyes.—MRS. E. N. C., Auburn, Ill.

Will some one give a recipe for greening pickles some way besides greening them in a brass kettle?—FARMER'S WIFE, Kings Station, Ind.

Do you know that cucumber pickles are nicer freshened in hot instead of cold water? Every time you change the water pour it on boiling hot. It makes them firmer. Is there any way to clean soiled chamois skin? For instance, the lining of chest protectors. If so, how?—MRS. L. S. R., River Falls, Wis.

If Incog will send her address I will guarantee a situation.—Box 61, Winnsboro, Tex.

I have a very beautiful canary bird, but for a year past he has been in poor health, with weak voice, and seems to be moulting all the time. If hang out doors he will drop upon the bottom of the cage, and it will be several hours before he will recover. Can any one tell me what to do for him?—P. M. J. STUART, Lagrange, O.

Can any one tell me who is the maker of the Fulton Kerosene Cooking Stove, mentioned by "Shirley Dare," in a late BLADE?—A. E. B.

Will the lady who gave the recipe for using sorrel for cancers and ulcers tell how to preserve it for Winter use? Can it be dried like sage, preserved in whisky or made into decoction? Is it not anti-bilious?

Will some one give a recipe for making vinegar? Here, in this now fruitless country, with vinegar at 40 cents per gallon, and growing scarce, vinegar is quite an item.—AUNT FANNIE.

"Woodmoss" speaks of oil cloth gloves in the BLADE of April 17. Will she please state through the columns of the BLADE, of what particular kind of oil cloth they are made, and where they can be procured? I should like to know immediately.—ELLA STALL, Camp Point, Ill.

Exchanges Wanted.

I wish to exchange flower seeds, aster 10 week stock, phlox, portulaca, four different kinds of geraniums for a Furks head cactus.—N. E. AMES, Prospect, Me.

I would like to get a hair switch made of combings. If some lady will state what she would like in exchange I will send them at once.—FLORA LOURRY, Powell, Delaware Co., Ohio.

Will some one tell me how to graft the tree rose willow? Also, has the tame cherry bark, steeped, the same effect on the system as the wild cherry bark?—ANNIE M. D., Gray Stone Wilson County House.

I wish to know the whereabouts of one Ellen Myers. When last heard from she was at Delaware, Ohio.—MARTHA M. DONOHUE.

I have for exchange about 25 double yellow rose sprouts: would like in return other varieties of double rose, shells, or mineral specimens. Some time ago, some one inquired for sweet briar roses. If she is not already supplied and will notify me I can supply them.—IDA A. LAMB, Washington, Macomb Co., Mich.

I have Calkins' Object Lessons, Hadley's Lessons in Language, and Shelton's Manual of elementary Instruction, Object Teaching for Children. I will exchange these books for other books, or for house plants, such as fuchsias, roses, begonias, calla lilies, etc.—E. W. F., Harvard, Clay Co., Nebraska.

I would like to exchange "Zephyr Flowers" for lace or house plants or almost anything pretty or useful. My flowers are entirely new and very handsome. Will answer any inquiries in reference to them. Woodmoss, I would like to learn your stitch for sea foam.—MRS. ADA L. ESTES, El Dorado, Kan.

I offer seeds of the magnificent foliage plant Ricinus, in exchange for tuberose or other Summer flowering bulbs. The Ricinus is one of the most superb ornaments for the lawn or garden and perfectly simple in its cultivation.—M. E. DOUGLAS, Toledo, O.

I have Peterson's Magazine for 1878 to exchange for house plants, such as geraniums, begonias, calla lilly and caladiums. Also a chair tidy with bouquet of leaves in the center and handsome border which I will exchange for house plants. Any one wishing to exchange, address.—MISS LIBBIE H. HAWATH, Howard, Clay Co., Neb.

I have noticed some of you inquiring "How shall I black my stove and not soil my hands so badly?" Take an old cotton stocking or two, and roll up from toe to top, and sew tightly, making a hard roll; have two of these, the one for polishing larger than the other; keep one end clean for handling. The Chinese blacking I much prefer to any other, as it needs no rubbing to polish and makes less dust.

Cannot some one tell me how to get rid of fleas? Something to sprinkle in a carpenter's shop that would destroy them, as the men bring them to the house in their clothes, and I know of nothing more annoying or troublesome.

No one need be troubled with bed bugs if they will fill the cracks in the bedsteads with grease of some kind—lard is best, if salted. Even an old log house may be easily rid of them in that way.—MRS. S. J. W. AXTELL, Rosseville, Ill.

We have strawberry plants, early and late, good kinds, to exchange for house plants or choice flower seed bulbs, or specimens. We particularly want an air plant, begonia rex and an India rubber plant. It is time to start the strawberry plants. So if you wish them, please send postal, stating what you have to exchange.—BARBARA GREENE, Council Bluffs, Iowa, Box 218.

I have a very superior kind of corn for either garden or field. It is very early and white as snow. On this account it is sometimes called "Flour Corn." It yields well, about 40 bushels. I have none to sell, but if any of the BLADE readers want it I will send them a small package, sufficient to get a start, on receipt of a three cent postage stamp. It is known here as the "Baker corn."—R. H. JOHNSON, Barada, Richardson Co., Neb.

If the young lady who wishes the song entitled, "Pass under the rod," will send her address and two postage stamps, she can get it of—A. F. MODOUGAL, Box 304, Edwardsville, Ills.

I have the Youth's Companion for 1876, '77 and '79, and would like to exchange either year for a year of Oliver Optic's Magazine. My papers are in good order and I shall expect the magazines to be in the same condition.—CHARLIE B. WARREN, Cattaraugus, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., Box 94.

I will exchange a pattern and directions for making a Weather indicator, which tells weather from 12 to 24 hours before hand, for specimens or curiosities for a cabinet.—GEO. W. TUCHER, Lockport, N. Y.

I wish E. P. L. had given his or her whole name and address; I would like Gloxinia bulbs of any color; (one white preferred. I would exchange Gladiolus, tube rose, or Maderia vine, this spring, and in the fall; would send single or double tulips, narcissus, daffodils, lilies or peony's, each or all, just as is desired. If E. P. L. wishes these, can send me gloxinia's now, pay her own postage, write what she wants and I will send directly and pay my own postage. I do not think double primroses as free bloomers as single varieties, yet more desirable, being prettier.—MRS. GEO. W. COFFIN, Fayette Ohio.

Tell "Incog" the school teacher to send her address to A. J. S. Bodie, Mono Co., Cal., and she may hear something of interest to her.—A. J. STOUGH BODIE, Mono Co., Cal.

If "Incog." will send me her address I will give information desired.—A. J. BROWN, Marley Junction, Ia.

I have Alsocasia, Gibsonie, Colocasia Batavecensis, Pearl tuber roses and Florida moss, I want to exchange for Gladiolus Daliah and Amaryllis bulbs would like some crochet edging or other fancy work. I have patterns for a door, a dog, rat and kitten for rug, also nice pattern for sweeping gloves.—MRS C. P. Lake George, Florida.

I have choice flower seed, bulbs and roots; also fancy work in card board, which I would like to exchange for sea shells and pretty mosses. I have an O. K. dress chart, entirely new, cost five dollars, which I will exchange for books. —J. L. D., Plates, Erie Co., Pa.

I have to exchange several good books of fiction. I also would like to exchange Harper's Bazar of this year for some other weekly paper. Will some one be kind enough to tell me which is the best English history I can get?—LIZZIE C. HAMILTON, Farmer City, De Witt County, Ill.

I would like very much to get a few gladioli and calla lily bulbs: I would like to sell dozen of the former and one or two of the latter. I have no flowers to exchange, but will work a spectacle case on cardboard, and a tidy on canvas, or crochet one, for the above; or I will exchange for most any kind of fancy work that would be worth the amount. The case is very pretty, and can be worked on any color desired. If any one has a few bulbs to spare and would like anything in my line please send immediately, and address—M. E. HOLMSTEAD, Honeoye, Ontario County N. Y.

If S. D. Evans, of Untigua Ferry Oregon, will send me one or two, each, white and red, of the Oregon lilies that he mentioned in the BLADE; on their receipt by me, I will send him literary papers, or magazines, or both, enough to abundantly satisfy him or her. If same party, having *N. Y. Times* for 1876; will send me the numbers from 1 279 to the end of the story, "The Hand of Etherberta." I will repay them in literary paper or magazines.—WM. WALKER North Collins, Erie Co., N. Y.

I would like to exchange two copies of "Gaskell's Compendium," worth $100 each. Would like in exchange "Spelerism Key," a standard work book on penmanship). I have "The Song King" and "Silver Carols" for singing schools. Also, "Songs of the Bible," "Frost Laurels," "New Praises of Jesus," for Sunday Schools. Will exchange for music books, sheet music, or good reading matter. Would like "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs." I have also about 20 pieces of music (words only) which I will copy and send, if any one wishes them in exchange. If any one wishes any of the above, please notify me by postal, giving address and stating what you have to exchange, and it will receive prompt attention.—FARMERS BOY, Northfield, Des Moines Co., Ia.

I have some small, but very beautiful sea shells from the Bahama Islands to exchange for books. Will send in accordance with the value of the book. Will some one send me calico pieces. I will return postage or exchange pieces. Or will send postage in exchange for pieces. Does any one wish a piece of cocoanut, of which the walls and many of the buildings of St Augustine are built; or Sea Beans. I have also several books for exchange; also some old magazines or calico pieces. Will any one exchange a tidy of crochet work or on canvas for tatting of two threads, one inch wide. Will any one send books for the blocks set together for a quilt; or for a crib quilt all finished and bound.—JANET, Du Quoin, Perry Co., Ill.

Deserted Villas.

The New York *Times* says the beautiful residences on the Hudson, which at one time promised to surpass any country region in England in fine mansions and well kept grounds, as it does in natural beauty of scenery, are being deserted, turned into brick fields or market gardens, or left solitary or deserted, under the care of servants, and is useless excuse to their owners. It is not the depression in business which has caused this desertion so much as that Americans refuse to take kindly to country life. In Winter the wealthy and fashionable prefer to live in cities, and in Summer in resorts like Newport and Saratoga, where they can enjoy society and its amusements. They can not accustom themselves to the healthy and simple pleasures of English country life, and there is no country society, no relationship with the surrounding community, such as give stability and interest to families with estates in Great Britain.

Real Estate on the Rise.

Watertown (N. Y.) Dispatch, May 6.

A peculiar and startling phenomenon has been disturbing the farming community of the locality known as the "Big Swamp" in the Town of Pleasant, St. Lawrence County. On the farm of a man named Vansly parker, which is of was until recently composed entirely of level low land, small hills are gradually rising in several places. Since this remarkable thing was first noticed, one or two of these hills have grown to be eight or 10 feet high and about 25 feet in width. Rocks are also upheaving all over the farm. When standing near one of these hills a rumbling sound is heard and a quaking of the earth constantly felt. The farmers thereabouts are becoming alarmed, and lands in that vicinity are offered at extremely low prices with no takers.

Our Young Folks.

THE TRUE BABY LAND.

How many miles to Baby Land?
Any one can tell;
If you stray
From the way,
Comes an awful yell.

What can you see in Baby Land?
Squirming little race,
Feet and fist
All atwist,
Seldom a clean face.

What do you do in Baby Land?
Wake and rest and cry,
Ogle, hives,
Make our lives
Wearily pass by.

What do they say in Baby Land?
Only one sad there—
Wah, wah, wah,
Wah, wah, wah.
Greets one everywhere.

Who is queen in Baby Land?
Mother, worn and thin,
A red of sound,
Hants around.
Finds a wicked pin.

The Three Princesses of Whiteland.

Once on a time there was a fisherman who lived close by a palace and fished for the King's table. One day when he was out fishing he just caught nothing. Do what he would—however he tried with bait and angle—there was never a sprat on his hook. But when the day was far spent a head popped up out of the water and said:

"If I may have what you will stumble over when you get home, you shall catch fish enough."

So the man answered boldly, "Yes," for he said to himself, "It will be the old stool which my wife puts at the door to keep it open, over which I stumble every night. After that, as was likely enough, he caught plenty of fish of all kinds. But when he got home at night it was not the stool but his little baby, playing on the floor, that he stumbled over. When he told his wife what he had promised she was beside herself with grief and would not be consoled, though all her neighbors came in to comfort her. The story spread and came to the King's ears and the Queen sent down to the mother to say that she would take the boy and try to save him. So the boy was brought up with the King's sons until he was quite a lad. Then he begged leave one day to go out fishing with his father; he had such a mind to go he said. At first the King wouldn't hear of it, but at last the lad had his way and went. So he and his father were out the whole day, and all went right and well till they landed at night. Then the lad remembered that he had left his handkerchief, and went to look for it, but as soon as ever he got into the boat it began to move off with him at such speed that the water reared under the bow, and all the lad could do in rowing against it with the oars was of no use. So he went and went the whole night, and at last he came to a white strand, far, far away.

There he went ashore, and when he had walked about a bit an old, old man, with a white beard, met him.

"What's the name of this land?" asked the lad.

"Whiteland," said the man, who went on to ask the lad whence he came and what he was going to do. So the lad told him all.

"Aye, aye!" said the man; "now, when you have walked a little further along the strand here you will come to three princesses, whom you will see standing in the earth up to their necks, with only their heads out. Then the youngest is the eldest—will call out and beg you so prettily to come and help her; and the second will do the same. To neither of these shall you go; make haste past them as if you neither saw nor heard anything. But the third you shall go to and do what she asks. If you do this you'll have good luck—that's all."

When the lad came to the first princess she called out to him and begged him so prettily to come to her, but he passed on as though he saw her not. In the same way he passed by the second, but to the third he went straight up.

"If you'll do what I bid you," she said, "you may have which of us you please."

"Yes." He was willing enough; so she told him how three Trolls had set them down in the earth there, but before they had lived in the castle up on one the trees.

"Now," said she, "you must go into that castle and let the Trolls whip you each one night for each one of us. If you can bear that you will set us free."

Well, the lad said he was ready to try.

"When you go in," the princess went on to say, "you will see two lions standing at the gate, but if you will only go right in the middle between them they'll do you no harm. Then go straight on into a little dark room and make your bed. Then the Troll will come to whip you, but if you take the flask which hangs on the wall and rub yourself with the ointment that's in it wherever his lash falls you'll be as sound as ever. Then grasp the sword which hangs by the side of the flask and strike the Troll dead."

Yes, he did as the princess told him; he passed between the lions as if he didn't see them, went straight into the little room and there lay down to sleep. The first night there came a Troll with three heads and three rods, and whipped the lad soundly. But he stood it till the Troll was done; then he took the flask and rubbed himself, and grasped the grasped the sword and slew the Troll.

So when he went out the next morning the princesses stood out of the ground up to their waists.

The next night 'twas the same story over again, only this time the Troll had six heads and six rods, and he whipped him far worse than the first; but when he went out the next morning the princesses stood out of the earth as far as their knees.

The third night there came a Troll that had nine heads and nine rods, and he whipped and flogged the lad so long that he fainted away; then the Troll took him up and dashed him against the wall, but the shock brought down the flask, which fell on the lad, burst and spilled the ointment all over him, and so he became as strong and sound as ever again. Then he was not slow. He grasped the sword and slew the Troll, and next morning when he went out the Princesses stood before him with all their bodies out of the earth. So he took the youngest for his Queen, and lived well and happy with her for some time.

At last he began to long to go home for a little while to see his parents. His Queen did not like this, but his heart was so set on it and he longed and longed so much there was no holding him back, so she said:

"One thing you must promise me. This: Only to do what your father begs you to do and not what your mother wishes." That he promised.

Then she gave him a ring which was of that kind that any one who wore it might wish two wishes. So he wished himself home, and when he got home his parents could not wonder enough what a grand man their son had become.

Now, when he had been at home some days, his mother wished him to go up to the palace and show the King what a fine fellow he had come to be. But his father said:

"No! Don't let him do that; if he does, we shan't have any more joy of him this time."

But it was no good. The mother begged and prayed so long that at last he went. So when he got up to the palace he was far braver both in clothes and array than the other King, who didn't quite like this, and at last he said:

"All very fine; but here you can see my queen, what like is she, but I can't see yours, that I can't. Do you know, I scarce think she's so good looking as mine?"

"Would to heaven," said the young King, "she were standing here, then you'd see what she was like." And in that instant she stood before them.

But she was very woful and said to him:

"Why did you not mind what I told you: and why did you not listen to what your father said? Now I must away home, and as for you, you have had both your wishes."

With that she knitted a ring among his hair with her needle in it, and wished herself home, and was off.

Then the young King was out to the beast, and went out every day thinking and thinking how he should get back to his queen. "I'll just try," he thought, "if I can't learn where Whiteland lies." So he went out into the world to ask. When he had gone a good way he came to a high hill, and there he met one who was lord over all the beasts of the wood, for they all came home to him when he blew his horn. So the King asked if he knew where Whiteland was.

"No, I don't," said he, "but I will ask my beasts." Then blew his horn and called them and asked if any of them knew where Whiteland lay, but there was no beast that knew.

So the man gave him a pair of new shoes. "When you get on these," he said, "you'll come to my brother who lives hundreds of miles off. He is lord over all the birds of the air. Ask him. When you reach his house just turn the shoes so that the toes point this way and they'll come home of themselves." So when the King reached the house he turned the shoes as the lord of the beasts had said, and away they went home of themselves.

So he asked again after Whiteland, and the man called all the birds with a blast of his hor

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Contributions should be written elegibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Capital, Cash and Credit.

No business can be carried on without capital. A laborer works with his hands; when he procures a tool or an implement he at once makes use of capital which is literally the accumulated labor of himself or others, or rather the product or result of it. In business one has fixed and floating capital. The fixed capital is that which remains year after year permanently invested; it may be in the shape of a house, a farm, a ship, or a railroad. Floating capital is that which is always changing its form; it may now be a pair of horses, a mowing machine, cows, sheep, seed, fertilizers, money spent for wages, or merchantable goods of any kind. This kind of capital is more productive than the other, because it can be turned over oftener, sometimes several times in a year, and if well used may bring a profit every time it is turned.

The floating capital of the farmer exists chiefly in the shape of stock and implements. When in the form of implements, it may be made the most productive. For instance, a seed-drill costing $80 or $90, will sow 100 acres of wheat in 10 days, and will save not only 50 bushels of seed in doing this work, but will do the work better than if done by hand, and save at least $1 per acre in labor. So that the investment of $100 in a seed drill can be made to return 150 per cent. profit in one year. A mower will cut five to 10 acres of hay in one day, at a cost of only one-fourth of the labor of a man with a scythe, costing $5 or $6; the expenditure will be repaid in the cutting of 40 acres, which can easily be done in one week. A fodder-cutter costing $25 will cut the feed for 10 or 20 cows and will save one-fourth of it. It may easily save five tons of hay, straw or fodder in one year, and will thus pay 100 to 150 per cent. It is the same with the whole category of farm machinery; and a farmer cannot use his capital in any manner that is so profitable as this, and knowing this, as he frequently is tempted to purchase implements and machinery on credit, hoping to pay the bills out of his savings. But unfortunately there is nothing so dear or demoralizing as debt, the more especially with regard to floating debt. Debt is in any respect something to be avoided. If a farmer have a hundred bushels of wheat in the granary, or a cow or two that he can spare, he had better turn these into cash and buy what he wanted then to buy on credit. "Easy come, easy go," is a true old adage, and a thing bought on credit begins a habit of buying on credit, until the purchaser is tied up and struggles like Laocoon in the folds of the gigantic python. The old fable is even more apt: or the victim of the deadly serpent was enfolded along with his sons; and the family of the involved debtor shares his fate with him.

The use of labor-saving machinery is imperative. We cannot make our farms pay without them. But, as has been shown heretofore, in buying these, or anything else, on credit, we buy them in very dearly. The extra price paid in this way, as we have hinted, is by no means the greater burden on the farmer. He pays again and again for the mistake of going into debt. He lays a burden upon his mind which paralyzes his energy. The free man holds up his head and encounters his daily labor with elastic energy. His step is firm; his heart is light, and he is full of vigor and hope. But the slave never feels as a free man; he drudges, but works: hope and he are strangers to each other, and he is careless of results. The involved debtor is a slave and is bound as with a chain. He looks ahead, not in hope, but in dread. He fears disaster before it comes upon him. A threatening outlook for his crops is a miserable nightmare to him which "murder sleeps" and haunts his waking hours. The free man may whistle down his care, and if short crops threaten he is thankful that he has enough and to spare, and looks hopefully for sooner year. The wife and children, sharing the husband's fortune in the one case, suffer every day; but in the other case may sing and laugh while the skies lower and the rains fall in the midst of harvest.

This is one reason which the farmer in debt pays an extra price, and it is without doubt a bad way. In another way he pays. He gives a note due in a year, trusting to favorable crops for the means of paying it. If there is any way by which a period of time passes more quickly than another it is to have a note coming due. Before one thinks, the day is at hand. If not prepared for, it is renewed; perhaps it is in the hands of a grasping broker who exacts usurious interest as "a shave." By and by the original amount is doubled. This happens too frequently. Perhaps in time it is paid through much pinching and saving, but at what a sacrifice of money and happiness! This is another way in which the farmer in debt pays an extra price for his purchase. We need not lengthen out the homily. Many of readers know too well how it is themselves. The cost of it all is as the physical reaction after an active stimulant and leaves the victim poor and depressed in far greater proportion than he had been elevated by the enjoyment of possession and use.

"But must one never go in debt?" We do not say that. But we say deliberately *do not buy anything on credit.* Borrow the money it absolutely necessary, on a sufficiently long time, and buy on the best terms. You can save the interest on the money in purchasing for the cash, cash. The seller will meet you with eagerness, if you show him the cash, and will hesitate long to let you go without buying. The positions are reversed. The man with the cash confers the favor; the man without it, asks it. Buy, borrow and use with judgment, not recklessly. Then your indebtedness may become a stimulus to economy and energy, and the man who incurs a debt after due deliberation and foresight, may be as a boat ballasted and made to ride safely in rough waters. John Johnston, the model farmer of New York State, when a young man, borrowed money to buy land, and borrowed more to drain it; but having the shrewdness and skill to succeed, he laid in this way the foundation of as grand a success as the history of agriculture affords. But he bought his titles and materials for cash, and had no floating debts to worry him day by day.

Spending money is as the sunshine o a man's life to most people; pay day is the rainy day against which he must lay up and provide. To have rainy days ever occurring, as with small and growing debts falling due this month, and the next, and the following, will cast a damper upon any man. Believing, as we honestly do, that it will pay, instead that it must pay, to use every mechanical facility for economical work upon the farms, we do not hesitate to advise our readers to borrow money to purchase needed implements and machines, so that they may pay cash for them, and buy on the lowest and best terms, provided they have sufficient time wherein to meet their indebtedness and have a fair prospect of succeeding in their ventures. —*Rural New Yorker.*

The Agricultural Outlook.

No other nation presents to-day such favorable combination of remarkable natural productive, manufacturing and commercial forces as that exhibited by the United States. While starvation is many a people in the face, we can feed half of Europe with our surplus grain and provisions; while many powerful nation is dependant upon imported staples for the employment of their forges and looms, we have iron and coal, cotton and wool sufficient to feed a wilderness of machinery, not only in supplying home requirements, but the demand of foreign markets; while the Nations of Europe are struggling under the weight and cost of heavy standing armies and expensive systems of Government, their financial systems shaken by increasing imports decreasing exports and onerous taxes, these our people are enjoying freedom and independence in the highest degree, here we are furnishing for the markets of the world the Achievements of American industry and ingenuity as well as the vast products of the soil, aggregating through our exports a balance of trade in favor of this country amounting the grand total of $405,243, 626.. Peaceful within our borders; a spirit of [illegible] tempered by stern lessons of caution and economy of industry fortified by a grand reserve of power pervades our population.

Admitting the marked cases of individual suffering and loss, severe examples of shrinkage and depression, yet as a whole the people of this nation, and especially the farmers of America, may find much in the situation to encourage, stimulate and satisfy. The fertility of our soil, taken as a whole, is great. With the exception of a few rough mountain ranges, nearly all of which are storehouses of the metals and coals, there are but few areas throughout this wide domain that cannot be cultivated so as to pay liberally the laborer's hire. The rainfall, in general, is abundant and uniform; the climate is good. In no other civilized country is land so cheap and so accessible to the industrious and thrifty class, and it will be many years before our maximum production of food is reached. Our exports of farm products already astonish the world, and it is to be hoped that the immediate future may show a corresponding increase in American manufacture, thus building up home markets for our crops, and affording more remunerative returns than can be secured in exporting alone the raw materials. For the present encouragement of the American farmer in his noble work, it should be borne in mind that both the domestic and foreign demand the coming year bid fair to exceed that of any former season, since business is rapidly improving in our own trade centres; while the crop reports from England, France Germany and Russia, all indicate reduced areas and an unfavorable outlook for the grain crops of Europe.—*American Cultivator.*

A Good Corn Marker.

N. J. Strong sends to the Secretary of the Elmira Farmers' Club a plan for a corn marker, of which he says it excels all others in the rapidity with which the work can be done and its adaptation to uneven ground. It is made as follows: Take a two inch plank, 10 or 12 inches wide, 12 feet long, and cut into four equal pieces for runners—hewed like sleigh runners. Set them up four feet apart and spike on a fence board 12 feet long on top at rear end, and one, one foot from forward end. It is best to provide for a tongue first to fasten into the two middle runners by boring holes. Now get four strong strap hinges and bolt on boards above the two middle runners, two hinges on each, and saw out one-half inch under hinges. The joints of the hinges should be placed at the outer sides of the runners, so that the right and left runners can be turned up with ease, to enable the driver to pass stumps, trees, etc., also in turning near fences, and both can be turned up and fastened together while passing from one field to another. In marking use two horses, as they can be driven much straighter than one and I can see the stakes better. For stakes I use two poles, 10 feet long, one at each side of the field. If the land be uneven it will require three. I do not let one runner follow the last mark made, so you see each "bout" is independent of the preceding. If I wish to make a wide, plain mark, I nail on the bottom of the runners a strip of inch board, four inches wide, leaving the front nearly square, as it will then put out of the way of the planter small stones, lumps, etc. In such a case I leave the nail heads (which should be fence eight-pennys) protruding about one third of an inch, and it seems to make a plainer mark on hard ground. In making the roll I cut the tenon one end to suit five inches long, and on the other end two. After the roll for tongue is in place bore a hole in the long tenon just inside the runner, put in a pin, and the roll will not come out while marking, but can be taken out at pleasure, like old fashioned bars. If the hinges are light, brace the outside runners to the tongue with a rope or chain. In marking let the driver stand in the center of the marker and steer his tongue to the stake on the opposite side of the field, and if he has a good team and a good eye for driving he may have his marks as straight as a line. Two men will make one of these markers in about two hours, and it will last for years. If farmers wish the rows closer together it is just as easy to make their marker so.

Pruning Evergreens.

Upon pruning evergreens, Mr. M. B. Bateham, Secretary of the Ohio Horticultural Society, writes as follows, what experts know, and what every person who cultivates evergreens ought to know:

"Many people do not understand that evergreen trees bear pruning as well as most other kinds, and in many cases need it quite as much. We often see evergreens quite too tall for their location, and making a dwelling seem to low by contrast. Others are too spreading, their branches obstructing a pleasant or shutting out a good view. Where it is desirable to check the height of such trees as the Norway spruce, cut off the tip or leading shoot before it attains the full height desired; then two or three leaders will probably be developed in a year or two, and the tree will assume a more dense and dwarfish form. At the same time all the side branches can be shortened as much as is desired. If done before the growth is taken place in spring, new buds will be formed at the ends, and several small branches in the place of each larger one removed. Pines can also be shortened in, but these only to new shoots at the joints or whirls, hence it is best to cut to one of these. A better way still, with young pines, is to go over them in the latter part of spring, when the new shoots have just pushed forth, and are very tender and brittle, and break off with the fingers that center shoot in each whirl, and the others also if the growth needs to be severely checked. Hemlock and arbor vitæ can be pruned with knife or shears as closely as desired, and hedges or screens of all kinds should be closely clipped every spring before the new growth begins."

Preserving Seeds and Fruits.

A correspondent of the *Southern Cultivator*, who claims to have "boxed the compass," as it were, in testing every plan or preventive heard or read of for preventing decay in fruits, gives the following as in every way successful, in the keeping of fruits, for a long time. He says:

"Take good perfect sand, (a very cheap material in my locality), free it from trash, etc., by sieving it. Put it in a large metallic vessel (I use large syrup boilers) mixing flour of sulphur through the whole, enough to fumigate it well, then heat to a temperature that will volatilize the sulphur. After maintaining this heat till the sand is impalpably dry, let the mass cool to a moderate warmth, and putting your sweet corn, (or other grain difficult to keep,) into barrels or boxes, pour the sand in, filling the same well, and packing down closely. In heating the sand, the vessel should be covered, to retain as much as possible the sulphurous fumes. I put in the corn stripped of the shuck, and thus the sand sieves well through the barrel. This certainly balks the weevils, and even rats do not burrow in it. It is applicable to any grain—even seed wheat, so difficult to preserve in this latitude. This sand keeps perfectly all such fruits as oranges, apples and lemons, putting them away in shallow boxes in a cool place. I've kept these fruits for months perfect and plump, when if exposed to atmospheric heat and moisture, they would have decayed in a few days."

Sunset in the City.

Atlanta Constitution.

Two strangers from the country who had apparently come into the City for the purpose of witnessing the firemen's display, were going out Whitehall street Monday evening. Both were tall and angular, and both appeared to be carrying a schooner too much of beer. They paused in front of a policeman.

"Mister," said the oldest of the two, "is you seed anything of a cart gwine 'long hy here—a cart with a little gray mule a pullin' of it?"

The officer was about to disclaim any knowledge of such a vehicle when the evening gun at the ba racks went off with a bang.

"What'n the dingnation's that?" asked one, while both looked around to see if anything had been torn up.

"Sunset," said the officer laconically.

"Sunset?" they exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Well, dad blame me!" exclaimed one, "ef she was to go off that way at home wouldn't the old woman and gals git up sail?"

The other made no reply.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-sixth Congress—Extra Session.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, May 13.

Consideration was resumed of the Warner silver bill, the pending question being the motion of Mr. Killinger to lay the bill and amendments on the table, on which the yeas and nays had been ordered.

The question was taken and it was decided in the negative—yeas 108, nays 126. The Democrats who voted in the affirmative were Messrs. Baltzhoover, Bliss, Covert, Denster, Gibson, Hurd, Lounsberry, Martin (Del.), McLane, Morse, Muller, Morrison, Ross, Talbot and F. Wood. The Republicans who voted in the negative were Messrs. Belford, Cannon, Fort, Kelley, Haskell, Marsh and Ryan (Kan.) All the Greenbackers voted in the negative.

The question then recurred on the seconding of the previous question, and it was seconded—yeas, 119; nays, 107.

The result of the two last votes was greeted with applause on the Democratic side.

The question as to whether the amendments could be voted on gave rise to much discussion.

Mr. HASKELL asserted that he would have voted to lay the bill on the table if he had supposed the House would be prevented from voting on all the amendments offered for the various sections separately. He said he regarded some of the provisions of the bill as monstrosities, and he would not vote for it unless it could be amended.

Mr. STEPHENS also stated it as his understanding all along that the bill should be voted on by sections, and Mr. CLYMER asserted no would not have voted for the previous question unless, as he supposed, the bill was open for amendment.

On the other hand, it was argued by Messrs. SPRINGER, KENNA and WARNER that under the previous question the bill must be voted on as a whole.

Finally it was agreed that the previous question would only apply to the first section of the bill, which provides that gold coins shall be a one dollar piece, or unit of 25 8-10 grains, a quarter eagle, or 2½ dollars, or three dollar piece, an eagle and a double eagle.

The section was agreed to, 105 to 94.

The question then recurred on the second section, which provides that silver coins shall be a dollar (or unit) a half dollar, a quarter dollar and a dime. That the weight of the dollar shall be 412½ grains Troy; the weight of the half dollar 12½ grains; and the weight of the quarter and dime ½ and 1-5 respectively of that of the half dollar. Also, that the silver dollar in the treasury, when reduced in weight by natural abrasion more than one per cent. shall be recoined.

Mr. KIMMEL moved to amend by making the weight of the silver dollar 400 grains, and argued in support of his amendment.

Mr. SPRINGER opposed the amendment on the ground that the bonded debt of the country could now, without dishonor or loss of reputation, be paid with silver dollars at 412½ grains, and the payment of that debt in silver dollars of 400 grains would be a bounty of 47½ grains of silver on each dollar for the benefit of the bondholder. If the creditors were not satisfied with the payment of the debt in silver dollars of 412½ grains they might make the most of it.

Mr. MORTON then opposed the section.

Mr. BRIGHT argued against the amendment and in favor of the section.

Mr. DEUSTER it appeared was opposed to the whole bill, as another effort to make money cheap by a single process of legislating 85 cents worth of silver into a dollar.

Mr. BUCKNER opposed the amendment and supported the bill.

Mr. PRICE, although avowing himself to be a silver man, opposed the bill because its tendency was to create unrest and uneasiness throughout the country.

Mr. MONROE said he had two or three weeks ago introduced in the House a proposition upon which the yeas and nays were taken and in which he was supported by the members on his side of the chamber to the effect that in the judgment of the House the business interests of the country required that there should be no financial legislation during the present session. [illegible] duced that resolution [illegible] because it was the expression of my convictions and the convictions which I hold in regard to financial legislation generally at the present time, and hold still more intensely with regard to legislation on the silver question. I would have the present law upon that question remain as it is. He argued further, that in view of the revolution that was taking place in Europe in favor of the double standard, the present was the most unfavorable time for Congress to legislate on the subject. Twelve months hence all the elements of the question would be changed. His own judgment was that within a year or two such an understanding would be reached between England and France and the United States as would fix the weight of the silver dollar as low as 412½ grains, and would probably restore the old rates of 15½ to 1 as between gold and silver. It was therefore absurd to fix to day the weight of the silver dollar.

Mr. McMillan argued that the amendment on the ground that it was legislation again st he people and in the interest of the bondeu aristocracy.

Mr. Warner moved the previous question on the s cond section was seconde'. The amendments offered by Mr. Kimmel was rejected, yeas 52, nays 176.

The section was then agreed to, and the third section was taken up.

It provides that any owner of silver bullion may deposit the same at any mint to be formed into bars or into standard dollars of 412½ grains for his benefit.

Mr. CALKINS moved to add to the section a proviso that the Secretary of the Treasury may purchase silver bullion for coinage at its market value and that all gains and profits arising therefrom shall inure to the United States.

Mr. WARNER opposed the amendment on the ground that it would close the mints against silver.

The amendment was rejected, yeas—114: nays—115.

Mr. WARNER moved to reconsider the vote and lay the motion on the table, but the yeas and nays being demanded, withdrew his motion.

Adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 14.

Sen. LAMAR called up the bill reported from the Committee on Judiciary to amend the Revised Statutes so as to provide that if two or more persons conspire either to commit an offense against the United States or to defraud the revenue, and one or more such persons once actually commit such crime, all parties to the conspiracy shall, on conviction, be fined $10,000 and imprisoned not more than two years, or both, at the discretion of the Court.

The bill was passed.

Consideration was resumed of the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill.

All parts of the bill were passed upon with the exception of what is known as the Legislative portions, which appropriates $2,000,000 for defraying the expenses of the Judiciary and fixing the pay of Jurors, providing how they shall be selected, repealing the test oath and also all of Section 2,031, of the Revised Statutes, except so much thereof as relates to the pay of Supervisors of Elections, and all other sections and laws authorizing the appointment of chief supervisors of elections, special Deputy Marshals of Elections, or General Deputy Marshals, having any duties to perform in respect to any election and prescribing their duties and powers and allowing them compensation.

Sen. KERNAN advocated the repeal of the test oath and spoke against the use of the army at elections.

At the close of Sen. Kernan's speech, Sen. Thurman obtained the floor, and will address the Senate to-morrow.

On motion of Sen. GARLAND it was resolved that the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to inform the Senate as to the liability of the States for direct taxes under the law of August, 1868, and the acts amendatory thereof.

Sen BECK moved an amendment to the Legislative, Executive and Judicial appropriation bill, namely: In order to provide for the speedy payment of arrearages of pensions the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed to issue immediately in payments thereof that portion of the $1 [illegible] 000 000 in legal tender currency now in the Treasury Deparement as a special fund for redemption of fractional currency, etc

There is now over $8,000,000 remaining of the fund.

Sen. BECK, during his remarks in favor of the amendment, said the Secretary of the treasury had increased the public debt, and had, by the payment of double interest, favored the bondholders.

Sen. PADDOCK said that he had had a conversation this morning with the Secretary, who expressed the opinion that the diversion of the money reserved for the redemption of fractional currency would not hasten the payment of arrears of pensions a single day, as he was prepared to pay them from time to time, as the necessary papers were prepared. It it was proposed to use the money in behalf of the soldiers' arrears of pensions, the plea was forced, so far as the Secretary was concerned, and the reflections upon him were, therefore, not warranted by his conduct.

Sen. BECK said he was not making any particular charges against the Secretary.

Sen. PADDOCK replied that the Senator had made charges in every breath against the Secretary who had carried out his policy with wonderful success.

Sen. BECK said no doubt the Secretary was a great man and might be a greater one.

Sen. PADDOCK remarked that the Secretary had done his duty and was entitled to fair treatment and due meed of praise.

Sen. BECK said that the Secretary of the Treasury had some time ago stated that there would be a deficit of $41,000,000, and therefore it would be necessary to limit the arrears of pensions to $25,000,000 as in the act of March 3, 1879. It appeared that in view of this statement, and to provide for the emergency, he asked for authority to issue $18,000,000 of four per cent. bonds. The amendment which he (Beck) had offered was designed to use the money belonging to the people instead of issuing bonds, and thus diminishing the deficit to that extent. If the $31,000,000 heretofore appropriated could not be divided *pro rata*, and some must be favored, means should be provided to pay them all. The Secretary was doing a great many things wrong and he ought to understand that he must obay the law.

Sen. MORRILL moved an amendment to the pending amendment so that the Secretary might use the money if necessary, in lieu of a positive direction to do so. He said the funding act was executed according to law, and that the Secretary paid no more interest than he was warranted in doing.

Sec. INGALLS said that the Secretary had 40 per cent. of the legal tender notes for the purpose of maintaining resumption, which, with the amount reserved for the redemption of fractional currency, made $145,000,000, which was in excess of what was shown to be an available balance. The retention of the 40 per cent was arbitrary and without warrant of law. He would put in circulation the money now lying idle.

Sen. TELLER said that the Secretary of the Treasury up to the 12th day of February merely declared that there would be a deficiency, and suggested whether it would not be better to issue bonds than to take the money from the Treasury.

Sen. PADDOCK understood the Secretary to say that he could pay $2,000,000 a month to meet the demands of the pension bureau.

Sen. PENDLETON did not design to ask a question not entirely proper, but if the Senator had no objection he would like to know when and where the Senator had a conversation with the Secretary.

Sen. PADDOCK had no objection to state that he met the Secretary in the clerk room to-day, and asked him some questions about the payment of arrearages of pensions. The reply of the Secretary confirmed him in his impressions and saved him from the necessity of going to the office of the Secretary to acquire information.

Sen. PENDLETON replied that the last communication that he knew of from the Secretary was on the 12th of February, in which he made a statement in order to pay the arrears of pensions there must be either additional taxes or the sale of bonds.

Sen. PADDOCK—Is the Senator prepared to state that the condition of the treasury is now exactly as it was then?

Sen. PENDLETON replied that if there was any change in the condition of the Treasury it ought to have been reported officially by the Secretary, and not to a Senator in the cloak room. It only was that official communications were not so clear and authoritative to a Senator as they would be to the Senate, and hence the great benefit that would be derived from personal explanation to this body as proposed in the bill recently introduced by him. He was in favor of appropriating the fund reserved for the redemption of fractional currency for the payment of arrears of pensions.

Sen. PADDOCK remarked that the Senator had intimated that the Secretary had come upon this floor for the purpose of influencing legislation. It was right in him to ask questions of the Secretary, and it was right for him to answer them, as it was right that he (Paddock) should communicate that answer to the Senate.

Sen. PENDLETON said he did not question the right of the Secretary to come here and converse with the Senator from Nebraska.

Sen. EDMUNDS suggested that the Senator from Ohio move his bill requiring the Secretary to appear here and answer questions as an amendment to the pending appropriation bill, and tell the President that the operations of the Government shall not go on until he approved it.

Sen. PENDLETON said if the Senator from Vermont would vote for his bill he would offer it immediately.

Sen. EDMUNDS replied that his suggestion was in the direction of reform, as inaugurated on the other side.

Sen. PENDLETON said he could not consider the suggestions from the Senator on matters of such public importance.

Sen. EDMUNDS remarked that he had made his suggestions for the benefit of his friends on the other side.

Sen. PENDLETON (in his seat)—"Timeo Danaos."

Sen. VOORHEES said that he this morning saw the Secretary of the Treasury circulating in this Chamber. If this cloak room and back door influence was to prevail, the sooner the bill of the Senator from Ohio was passed the better. This surreptitious way of coming in was beneath contempt. If a member of the Cabinet was not willing to take the full measure of responsibility, let him keep away. They did not want him to come and go in this manner. When he (Voorhees) was a member of the House, he saw the Secretary of the Treasury (Fessenden) conversing with members on public business but who left the hall when it was proposed that he give to the House what he was peddling over the floor, and now the Senate should resent the office of Secretary of the Treasury, who sought to exert a backdoor influence. Yesterday the Senate had voted to apply idle money to the payment of pensions, and to day the soft, velvety step of the Secretary was heard while he passed drumming up recruits. Let not the Senator from Vermont jeer at the bill of the Senator from Ohio.

Sen. EDMUNDS said that the Senator from Indiana misunderstood him. He did not jeer at the Senator's bill. He had called attention to it as a measure of reform and suggested that if it was as great as the Senator thought it to be it should be put upon this bill to secure its passage, and then the House should be told that if they did not think that way no appropriations to carry on the Government should be made until it was passed. The wheel would revolve faster if outside you attach further reforms to it so that the President and others could not fail so be swept into the current.

Sen. VOORHEES replied that there was not a single rider to the bill but what called for an appropriation of money to carry it out. The Democrats said to the Republicans, "If you want to use the army to interfere with elections, we do not want to appropriate money for its support. If you say you want the army to swarm at the polls, we don't want to tax the people for that purpose, nor do we want to tax the people for supporting Supervisors to act as spies and detectives on honest voters." Sen. Voorhees repeated that the suggestion that Sen. Pendleton's bill should be attached to the appropriation bill was a jeer.

Sen. EDMUNDS said he agreed with the Senator in not wanting the Army employed to prevent honest men from voting, but he did not go with the Senator in not using the Army when other means had failed to protect honest men and election officers against frauds, assassins and red-shirted bands, who would again undertake to overthrow the people at the polls.

Sen VOORHEES—Who is to be the judge?

Sen. EDMUNDS—So far as my vote is concerned, I am the judge.

Sen. VOORHEES—So am I. The Senator intimated that I was in favor of free fights at the polls. I hope that he will say that he did not mean to say so.

Sen. EDMUNDS—I accept with due humility the rebuke of my friend from Indiana, who intimated that we averse interference at the polls at the point of the bayonet.

Sen. MORRILL'S amendment was then rejected and Sen. Beck's agreed to.

After executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

After the passage of the bill allowing expenditures for the purchase of sites in connection with the improvement of the Kentucky and Great Kanawha rivers, and of the bill for a commission to lease a building for the Washington City Postoffice, Mr. WARNER attempted to have his silver bill considered, but failed to obtain the necessary two thirds vote.

The business of the morning hour was then taken up.

The morning hour was occupied in the discussion of the bill in regard to the transfer of cases from State to Federal Courts by Mr. TOWNSDND (Ills.,) and Mr. ORTH, after which the Senate bill removing the political disabilities of John S. Saunders, of Baltimore, was passed.

The House resumed consideration of the bill to amend the laws relating to coinage and to coin and bullion certificates.

Mr. FORT made a speech avowing himself in favor of a double standard of gold and silver.

Mr. EWING said the first and most serious objection to the bill was that the Government would lose the difference between the present bullion value and the coin value of silver. He understood that an amendment was being considered by friends of the bill which would meet this objection. That amendment provides that in the issue of certificates for bullion they should be issued only for the market price of bullion, leaving coinage free and unlimited. He should be quite satisfied to have the amendment adopted, provided it left the silver its full character of money metal. He opposed the amendment offered by Mr. Kemmal increasing the standard dollar to 460 grains of standard silver. It was not time to change the value of gold or silver.

At the conclusion of Mr. Ewing's speech, Mr. WARNER demanded the previous question, pending which Mr. KILLINGER moved to lay the bill on the table.

The yeas and nays were ordered on that motion, pending which Mr. CONGER moved to adjourn.

This motion was carried by a vote, by teller, of yeas 100; nays 97, and the House adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 15.

Sen. COCKRILL introduced a joint resolution authorizing and requesting the President of the United States, to open a correspondence with the Republic of France, with a view and for the purpose of negotiating a proper treaty of reciprocity and commerce with that Government, on terms alike honorable and just. Three commissioners are to be appointed on behalf of the United States. Preliminary to making such treaty its composition is to be fixed by the Secretary of State. Referred.

Sen. FARLEY introduced a bill for the relief of John A. Suter on account of hands taken from and services rendered by him to the United States. Consideration was then resumed of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial appropriation bill.

Sen. BECK explained the provisions of the bill as it had been amended stating that the increase by the Senate was $94,500, making the entire sum $18,541,000. Among the amounts were $8,000 for minis and $37,000 for the Interior Department additional to the appropriations in the bill for these purposes. He suggested what reforms should be made by the reduction of a number of storekeepers and gaugers under the Commissioner of Internal Revenue; $10,000 annually could be saved. He thought hundreds of thousands of dollars might also be saved by requiring the ministry of the Customs Department, in matters of customs, the expense of collecting the revenue for exceeds the receipts. He hoped the Committee on Appropriations would consult with proper Committees of the House, so that at the next session Congress should have the data on which to act intelligently. He would prefer to have reforms made now instead of waiting till the Democrats came into power, which they expected to do.

Sen. THURMAN said that they had before them an Appropriation Bill for the support of the legislative, Executive and Judicial branches of the Government. Nobody denied that the amount was sufficient but the opposition had been made to the bill because of provisions relating to the trial by Jury and to elections. Rather than agree to these provisions the minority soo in effect that they will stop appropriations and defeat the bill. Scarcely any word had been uttered by the minority on the merits of this question. It was said these provisions had no proper place in the appropriation bill, and that they were dictated by the South, because gentlemen, in their imagination, supposed there was a huge conspiracy to produce anarchy, as if the majority here and the Democratic people of the United States have not as much interest in the order, peace, and prosperity of the country and the popularity of the Government as any men belonging to the Republican or any other party.

HOUSE.

In the morning hour discussion was resumed of the bill to amend the statutes relating to the removal of cases from State to United States Courts, and ORTH concluded his argument against the bill. McLANE followed in support of the bill.

The morning hour expired before any action was taken upon the bill relating to the removal of cases from State to Federal Courts.

Consideration was then resumed of the Warner Silver bill, the pending question being to lay it on the table, on which the yeas and nays had been ordered, and the roll was called.

The vote resulted—yeas, 109; nays, 126; and the motion to lay the Silver bill on the table was defeated.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 16.

Sen. MANEY introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of War to purchase sites for forts and posts in Texas.

The PRESIDENT pro tem. laid before the Senate a message from the President in reply to a resolution of the 7th inst., requesting information relative to the alleged unlawful occupation of a portion of the Indian Territory. He transmits a copy of his proclamation and copies of correspondence and papers on file in the War Department touching this subject.

Sen. PENDLETON reported from the Committee on Indian affairs a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to deposit certain Indian funds in the Treasury, in lieu of investment.

On motion of Sen. INGALLS, it was resolved that the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to report to the Senate what amount of legal tender notes has been presented and redeemed in coin since the 1st of January last, and what amount of coin he considers himself authorized to retain in the Treasury to maintain specie resumption considered, he resumed after the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill.

Sen. Eaton speaking on the Appropriation bill defended his former assertion that this is a confederacy of States. War did not change the Government, nor abolish slavery. The emancipation proclamation did not free slaves. It required the independent action of a certain number of sovereign States to work these changes in the Government of this confederacy of States. The late struggle was a war of sections, and the present reckless denunciation of Southern men was unwise and wrong. Let the past bury its own dead and go on as brothers.

HOUSE.

A resolution was reported from the Committee on Rules by Mr. Frye for the appointment of a standing Committee to which shall be referred all bills, resolutions, petitions, etc., affecting the traffic in alcoholic liquor. An argument in opposition was made by Fernando Wood on the ground that under the proposed authority this Committee might arrogate to itself power which did not belong either to it or to Congress, and might under plea of morality undertake to interfere with the revenue of the Government derived from the tax on spirits. He had no objection to having the whole subject referred to a Committee. The resolution was advocated by Frye and Stephens and was further opposed by Reagan on the ground of unconstitutionality.

Mr. GARFIELD advocated the resolution, and disposed of the constitutional objections by saying Congress had exclusive jurisdiction over the District of Columbia, where there were a thousand rum-holes under the shadow of the capitol and over territories with an area as large as Europe. Congress had also constitutional control of question in relation to the duty on imported liquors and to the internal tax on distilled spirits. He admitted that Congress might not undertake to regulate morals but it was a fair matter for consideration whether morals might not regulate Congress in levying taxes.

The resolution was also advocated by Monroe and opposed by Blount. The latter said this movement was engineered by a class of people who are eternally wanting to regulate other people.

Mr. KNOTT also spoke against the measure as not only unnecessary but making a mischievous precedent which might be followed by other sumptuary laws.

A final argument in favor of the resolution was made by Mr. CONGER, who said that he would demand a vote by yeas and nays, so as to have the members in record on this subject.

A motion was made to lay the subject on the table by Mr. BLOUNT, and the motion was rejected—yeas, 99, nays, 128. All of the affirmative votes came from the Democratic side—all the Republicans, Greenbackers, and many Democrats voting no. The resolution was then agreed to.

DYING OF REMORSE.

Her Religious Faith Overshadowed by Love for Her Baby.

N. Y. Sun.

BARNSTABLE, May 14.—It was announced this morning that Mrs. Freeman was dying, and investigation shows that the probabilities are that she will live a short time only. She is weeping and starving herself to death, although she does not seek to commit suicide. Confined alone in the cell on the upper floor of the barn-like building, she has since the first Sunday after the killing of Edith, wept continually, day and night. She has tried to rest, believing that it was her duty to do so, but in the 10 days of her imprisonment she has eaten less than would make an ordinary meal. When the Sunday passed and her little girl was not resurrected, as she firmly believed she would be, Mrs. Freeman at once admitted that she and her husband had made an awful mistake, and with this acknowledgment the maternal instinct that pleaded so strongly in prayer that her child might be spared has returned. The seraphic look that was on her face when she was brought before the Justice is gone. Her face has wasted, leaving her cheek bones prominent, and both are bright with a hectic flush which indicates fever. Her otherwise white face and bloodless lips, and her great eyes that are red with weeping, her tottering step, and her inability to sleep are regarded as indications that very soon the reserve nervous strength will be exhausted and that she will rapidly decline. Her love for the baby and her remorse have overshadowed her religious faith.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Garces is Proclaimed a Rebel and Conducts Himself Accordingly—A Peruvian Town Reduced to Ashes.

NEW YORK, May 15—The Star and Herald, of Panama, of the 8th of May, says that Gen. Garces, who had been proclaimed a rebel, made an attack with some 1,400 troops upon a party of Hurtadistas in the Amalune Canca Valley, and met with a complete defeat. The dead are estimated at from 250 to 500. Cali was taken by the Hurtadistas' with a loss of 11 killed. Garces and his men were later taken prisoners and their arms and ammunition captured. The rebellion of Garces was thus terminated.

In the war operations in South America last week, Pisagua was bombarded and destroyed. Launches at Mallendo were sunk. Several shots were fired into the town and one coal ship relieved of its cargo. Iquique was bombarded for half an hour. Arms loss was trifling. The Peruvian fleet remains at Callao. At the bombardment of Pisagua, at the commencement of the fight, Admiral Rodgers, of Pensacola, was putting off from the shore to his ship with his family, when a shot from a Chilian boat carried away his ensign. On his arrival on board of the "Pensacola" he signaled the Chilian flagship, informing them what had happened. Admiral Williams Roballedo then went on board the "Peninsula" and rpologized, and seeing that his boats were returning repulsed from shore, He left, asking Admiral Rodgers to warn the town that in three hours more he would bombard the place.

Accordingly three hours later the bombardment commenced lasting two hours when the town had been reduced to ashes.

RUSH TO THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

The Government Deceived as to the Number Already There.

New York Tribune.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—A prominent citizen of Southern Kansas who has paid careful attention to the attempt now making by white men to invade the Indian Territory, has just arrived in Washington. He is satisfied that instead of 75 families having moved into the Territory, as the reports to the War and Indian Departments would indicate, about 5,000 persons are now there. He says that in his opinion the authorities here are deceived both as to the extent of the invasion and the efficacy of the measures that have been taken to prevent it. In the Southern Counties of Kansas, he says, there are many hundred settlers who have been for years waiting for the opening of the Territory, and many of them have been induced by the maps and circulars that have been liberally distributed, to believe that a large portion of the Territory is free to the whites. They are rapidly moving forward to the goal of their desires. An independence dispatch dated the 8th inst, says "over 150 wagons passed into the Indian Territory Southwest of this point yesterday." A dispatch from Chetopah, Kansas, of the same date says: "The apparently active part the Government has taken only serves to strengthen the desire of the people to go to the forbidden land and go they will. Chetopah has sent out between 400 and 500 and still they go. Thirty wagons left last night." The promoters of this movement who are in Washington have abated none of their activity.

STAMPING IT OUT.

Efforts to Exterminate the Cattle Plague.

NEW YORK, May 16.—Gen. Patrick, Agricultural Health Officer, appointed to exterminate the cattle plague in New York has received a telegram inviting him to a conference in Philadelphia with the new State Commission of that State, Col. Sterling, of New Jersey, has also been invited. The conference takes place to-day and is important. The cattle plague is being vigorously fought in this State. It is still spreading. An outbreak in Suffolk County is reported, the contagion being carried thither by a drove of calves last January. Wherever these calves have been the disease has broken out. Gen. Patrick has given orders for an investigation at the quarantine. There is an outbreak also in Westchester County, just North of this City. A large number of cattle have already been killed. New Jersey and Pennsylvania both have the cattle plague extensively. Gen. Patrick or his representatives will at the conference to-day urge more vigorous measures. The only salvation of the West at present is the activity of the authorities of these Eastern States.

INDICTMENT OF JAY GOULD

He is Claimed to

News of the Week.

The Capitals.

At Washington the decision of Judge Dundy at Omaha, in the Standing Bear habeas corpus case, in which he virtually declares the Indians citizens with the right to go where they please, regardless of treaty stipulations, is regarded by the Government as a heavy blow to the present Indian system, that if sustained, will prove extremely dangerous alike to whites and Indians. If the power of the Government to hold Indians upon their reservations, or to return them when they escape is denied, the Indians will become a body of tramps, moving without restraint wherever they please and exposed to attacks of frontiersmen, without redress from the Government. The District Attorney at Omaha has been instructed to take the necessary steps to carry the question to the higher Court.

A dispatch says the Treasury Department has received, through the Department of State, the report of the Prince Pasteur Professor of Veterinary Medicine Williams, of the new Veterinary College at Gayfield, Edinburg, of examination of certain portions of the lungs removed from six American cattle slaughtered at or near Liverpool, on which it was recorded to him that the veterinary officers of the city council had given an opinion that said cattle had no presumptive signs of pleuro pneumonia contagion. The Professor says after the most careful examination, that in his opinion, none of them were any signs of contagious pleuro pneumonia, but all presented evidence of capillary bronchitis and cells six of certain lobules of the lungs of recent origin in none of the lobules were there any traces of pneumonia or of pleurisy. He is of opinion that the disease originated during transit. He adds that the above men tioned portions of lungs have been examined by Dr. Hamilton, demonstrator of morbid anatomy of the university, Dr. Young, professor of physiology, Mr. Vaughn professor of anatomy, Mr. Kitchen professor of materia medica, and the professors all of the new veterinary college of Edinburgh, and others, all of whom agree with him as to the nature of the disease and are ready to confirm his opinion.

A Washington dispatch says Hoffman the Assistant Secretary in charge of affairs at St. Petersburg, informs the Department of State that before entering into Russia must be provided with a passport verified by the Russian Consul. He must be registered at the Police Station and must comply with the regulations to be subject to fine or imprisonment. At Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, Kieff, Kharkoff and Kiew, are especially subject to strict police. All the principal Ministers of the Imperial Government are accompanied by mounted Cossacks when they appear in public. The hotels and eating houses are under police supervision.

A dispatch says that the Navy Department has taken an appeal to the Supreme Court from the decision of the Court of Claims in favor of Commodore W. O. Temple, that naval officers are entitled to eight cents per mile for expenses while traveling outside of the United States in public duty, instead of only actual expenses, as the department claims.

The Senate Executive session on Monday was devoted to a further consideration of the report of the Judiciary Committee on the subject of army promotions. At the termination of the debate a motion was made to amend the committee's resolution so as to declare that last year's prohibition is not in force, and that the nominations for appointments and promotions in the army may be legally confirmed. This amendment was adopted by a majority of 16 to 6, but when the resolution was called on the question of agreeing to the resolution as thus virtually amended a minority refrained from voting, and this broke a quorum, their hope being to obtain a majority vote at a fuller Senate at the next executive session and meanwhile to prevent final action. In consequence of these parliamentary tactics and on account of the lateness of the hour the Senate adjourned with the main question still pending.

It was developed to-day that the members of the Judiciary Committee were unanimously in favor of the report that has been presented on this subject, but as a majority of the Committee assented to it the strong influence of the desire to sustain the Committee's prestige to at work to secure its adoption by the Senate, and the final result is somewhat doubtful.

A dispatch says the Secretary of the Treasury will issue a call for the redemption of the five twenties of 1868 on Saturday next to-morrow week. It will be issued for all the five-twenties of 1868. This closes the call for the series of five-twenty bonds. The two calls amount to $59,000,700. The aggregate calls, including those since January 1, amount to $340,565,700, making the annual saving of interest of $6,991,314. No further subscriptions will be received for four per cent. bonds except for $10 certificates until further notice.

At Washington May 20 the Ways and Means Committee after some discussion, agreed to the following resolution:

Resolved, That this committee will not consider at this session any bills or joint resolutions affecting the revenues, and that all such measures shall be laid over until the regular session in December. The motion to reconsider was laid upon the table.

EAST.

At Baltimore May 17, the Ninth Annual Conference of the General Secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association in the United States and British Provinces convened for the discussion of the questions important to the association, preliminary to the assembling of the Biennial International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, on the 21 inst.

SOUTH.

At Richmond Va., May 13, the miscegenation case of Edward Kinney (colored) and Mary Susan Hall (white), confined in the Virginia Penitentiary for violation of a State statute prohibiting white and colored citizens to intermarry, was before the United States Circuit Court Judge Hughes presiding, upon a petition for a writ of habeas corpus. The chief ground alleged in the petition is that the act of the Legislature of the State of Virginia making it a penal offense for white and colored citizens to intermarry is contrary to the Constitution and laws of the United States and void. That the marriage having been celebrated in the District of Columbia, and valid there, it must be held valid throughout the United States. Decision reserved.

At Richmond Va., May 19 a Convention of colored delegates met for the purpose of considering matters connected with the welfare, rights and improvement of the condition of their race W. C. Rone, a colored lawyer of this place was made permanent chairman. After an address by ex Congressman Rain, the following preamble and resolution was introduced:

WHEREAS, We see that we cannot get our rights here in the midst of this class of unscrupulous oppressors of our race, and since, by the decision of Judge R. W. Hughes, of the United States Court of this District, in the Kinney-Hall inter marriage case, the State can oppress and abridge our privileges as citizens of the State, and that there is no law of the United States to protect us from said abridgement and oppression; therefore,

Resolved, That we recommend to our race throughout the State to organize themselves into emigration societies for the purpose of leaving the State, provided our condition is not bettered by the authorities of the State.

A lengthy debate ensued.

FOREIGN.

France.

At Paris May 15, an International Congress to discuss projects for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, met. Ferdinand de Lesseps was elected President. Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen, U. S. N., is one of the Vice Presidents. All the powers applied to, send delegates, including England, Italy and Russia. The Secretary read a paper on the subject before the Congress, after which it was resolved to divide the members into five Committees to discuss the undertaking and the meeting adjourned.

At Paris May 18, the Republiques Francaise publishes an exceedingly bitter article concerning England's non-co-operation with France on the Egyptian and Greek questions, and adds that the English should not take refuge in occupation. France is compelled to ask whether it would not be better to deal with enemies than with such friends. The Journal des Debats also attacks England, and the Moniteur and Liberte defend her.

Germany.

At Berlin May 20, in Parliament, the Vice President read a letter from Von Forckenbeck announcing his resignation of the Presidency of the House, on the ground of ill health and the antagonism between his own views and those of the majority of the Reichstag, so he foreshadowed at the dinner of free trade representatives on the 18th inst.

Spain.

At Madrid a sensation has been created in financial circles by a newspaper article showing that in the next Budget the interest and redemption of recently issued treasury bonds will require 34,000,000 pesos above the present vote for debt charge, besides which the military, naval, and public works expenditure is increasing, and the direct taxes are falling off through the crisis in Catalonia and the high price of food, but the customs receipts are steadily increasing.

KILLED AT HIS OWN DOOR.

A Midnight Tragedy that Startled a Quiet Country Town.

Levant Bancroft, a Prominent Merchant, Murdered by Asa Broughton

A Woman in the Case.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 17.—On Wednesday night about 11:30 o'clock the village of Medina, in the neighboring County of Orleans, was startled by the murder of one of its most prominent citizens, named Levant Bancroft. The murderer is Asa Broughton, a resident of Shelby Center, about two miles from Medina. Broughton called at Bancroft's house on Saturday night. Bancroft met him at the door. Some words passed between them, and Bancroft remained the house ordering Broughton off. Broughton went away. Soon after Broughton called Bancroft out again. More words passed and Broughton was again ordered off. He refused to go, and a slight scuffle ensued, when Broughton drew a pistol and shot Bancroft twice through the breast. He staggered into the house and fell dead. On investigation the following facts were developed:

Levi Ingalls, who bears the reputation of a violent, dissipated man, has been for some time extremely jealous of his wife, whom he suspected of infidelity to him, and his family relations have been of the most unpleasant character. Bancroft was in Shelby Center in the forenoon of that day and called at Mr. Broughton's. Hearing that Mr. Broughton was in and was told he was not. Mrs. Broughton says he merely passed the time of day and went out, after remaining only about five minutes. When Mr. Broughton came to dinner he was told by his wife that Bancroft had been there, and was asked if he (Broughton) had seen him. He replied no, and in a moment flew into a passion and told his wife to leave the table and the house, at the same time throwing the sugar bowl at her, breaking it into fragments. Mrs. Broughton left the house and went to Medina to take refuge with a lady friend. About 6 o'clock in the evening she called at Bancroft's to see him and acquaint him with the facts of the case, remaining there only a few minutes, and then returned to another lady friend, where she stayed until nearly 8 o'clock, the hour that she was to meet her first lady friend and go with her to her home. She remained there all night. The above is Mrs. Broughton's story. It is stated on behalf of Broughton, that Bancroft was the friend to whose house she went when she left her home.

Broughton appeared at Bancroft's house on Wednesday night, rapped at the door and inquired for Bancroft, asking him where his (Broughton's) wife was. Bancroft replied that he did not know. Some high words ensued and Bancroft ordered Broughton out, and enforced this order by opening the door and helping him to go and then stepped back and locked the door. Broughton still walked outside and insisted that Bancroft should come out and talk with him a few minutes, saying that he had no arms with him. Finally, though against the entreaties of his wife, Bancroft put on his boots and went outside. A few words (not understood by any one only themselves) passed between them, and soon a scuffling was heard, and it was found that Bancroft was pushing Broughton off his premises. He pushed him to the walk, and there the report of a pistol was heard by neighbors. Bancroft walked back into the house and remarked to his wife that he was shot. In a few minutes he said he felt faint, and walking into another room he fell to the floor, and in a few minutes life was extinct.

Broughton returned immediately to his home, changed his clothing and, binding his children good-bye, left the house. He has not been found, but has been reported as being seen in the woods near by to-day. Broughton and his wife have been before the public in one or two scandals before. It is stated that some time ago Broughton had a difficulty with one of his neighbors in regard to his wife, and that the neighbor settled the matter by the payment of $40; that with this money Broughton went West. Returning, he thought he found cause for jealousy, it is said, and became incensed at Mr. Bancroft, who had befriended his wife and family in their necessity. When his wife was driven from home she went to Mr. Bancroft's with the terrible sequel as above narrated.

Bancroft's funeral took place at Medina to-day. He was buried with military honors. Bancroft was one of the most prominent business men of the village. He had a wife and family, and was highly regarded by all who knew him. He took great interest in military matters, and was at the time of his death the President or the civil organization of the company of militia located in the village.

A Better Way Suggested.

Washington Republican (Rep.).

It is now proposed at the South that Congress pass a law prohibiting any steamboat taking more than 15 negros as passengers at a trip. The suggestion seems to be in order that the better way to correct the prevailing evils would be to see that existing laws for the protection of all citizens of all classes in the South are faithfully enforced.

A Mystery Explained.

Parlor scene: Mrs. Brown, who has spent the Summer along the White Mountains in search of health, and who seems to have searched the whole mountain side without being able to find a pair of blooming cheeks or an inch of healthful skin: Mrs. White, who has remained at home because her husband could not afford to go, but whose fresh complexion and bright eyes seem to have caught their bloom and brightness from mountain breezes.

Mrs. B.—Dear me, Mrs. White, how well you are looking! If you will not think me impertinent, let me ask how you can keep so healthy in this dreadful city? I have been to the White Mountains, go there every Summer, in fact, and I can't keep off the doctor's list at that.

Mrs. W. (smiling)—I'll tell you the whole secret, Mrs. Brown. You remember how poorly I was last Spring, some days even being confined to my bed. Dr. —— told Mr. White to send me to the Mountains but I knew he couldn't afford it, and I tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Its effects were so marvelous that I also tried his Golden Medical Discovery, to cleanse my system. In my opinion, one bottle of the Prescription and the Discovery is better than six weeks of the White Mountains for a sick woman. I have only been out of the city a week during the whole Summer; then my husband and I went to Buffalo and stopped at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel. The baths and mechanical apparatus for treating patients were alone worth going to see. Besides, our accommodations were better than we had at Long Branch last year, and the drives and scenery are superb. Let me advise you to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and try the Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel next Summer instead of the White Mountains.

For the Blade.

ANDERSONVILLE

A STORY OF SOUTHERN PRISONS.

The Life of a Prisoner-of-War in Richmond, Andersonville, Savannah, Millen, Charleston and Florence.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

KEY'S ATTEMPT AT ESCAPE.

Leroy L. Key, the daring Sergeant of Co. M, Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry, who organized and led the Regulators at Andersonville in their successful conflict with and defeat of the Raiders, and who presided at the execution of the six condemned men on the 11th of July, furnishes, at the request of the author, the following story of his prison career subsequent to that event:

On the 12th day of July, 1864, the day after the hanging of the six Raiders, by the urgent request of my many friends (of whom you were one,) sought and obtained from Wirz a parole for myself and the six brave men who assisted as executioners of those desperadoes. It seemed that you were all fearful that we might, after what had been done, be assassinated if we remained in the stockade; and that we might be overpowered, perhaps, by the friends of the Raiders we had hanged, at a time, possibly, when you would not be on hand to give us assistance, and thus lose our lives for rendering the help we did in getting rid of the worst pestilence we had to contend with.

On obtaining my parole, I was very careful to have it so arranged and mutually understood, between Wirz and myself, that at any time that my squad (meaning the survivors of my comrades, with whom I was originally captured,) was sent away from Andersonville, either to be exchanged or to go to another prison, that I should be allowed to go with them. This was agreed to and so written in my parole which I carried until it absolutely wore out. I took a position in the cook-house and the other boys either went to work there, or at the hospital or grave-yard as occasion required. I worked here and did the best I could for the many starving wretches inside, in the way of preparing their food, until the eighth day of September at which time, if you remember, quite a train load of men were removed, as many of us thought for the purpose of exchange, but as we afterwards discovered to be taken to another prison. Among the crowd so removed was my squad, or, at least, a portion of them, being my intimate mess-mates while in the stockade. As soon as I found this to be the case I waited on Wirz at his office, and asked permission to go with them, which he refused, stating that he was compelled to have men at the cook-house, to cook for those in the stockade until they were all gone or exchanged. I reminded him of the condition in my parole, but this only had the effect of making him mad, and he threatened me with the stocks if I did not go back and resume work. I then and there made up my mind to attempt my escape, considering that the parole had first been broken by the man that granted it.

On inquiry after my return to the cook-house, I found four other boys who were also planning an escape, and who were only too glad to get me to join them and take charge of the affair. Our plans were well laid and well executed, as the sequel will prove, and in time I will give my own experience in the endeavor to escape from Andersonville is not entirely dissimilar from yours, though it had different results. I very much regret that in the attempt I lost my pocketed memorandum, in which it was my habit to chronicle what went on around me daily, and where I had the names of my brave comrades who made the effort to escape with me. Unfortunately I cannot now recall to memory the name of one of them, and remember to what comrades they belonged.

I knew that our greatest risk was run in eluding the guards, and that in the morning we should be compelled to cheat the blood-hounds. The first we managed to do very well, not without many hair-breadth escapes, however; but we did succeed in getting through the lines of guards and found ourselves in the densest pine forest I ever saw. We traveled, as nearly as we could, due north all night, until daylight. From our jaded appetites and the long hike that had elapsed since 8 o'clock, the time of our starting, we thought we had come not less than 12 or 15 miles. Imagine our surprise and mortification, then, when we could plainly hear the reveille, and almost the Sergeant's voice calling the roll while the answers of "here" were perfectly distinct. We could not possibly have been more than a mile, or a mile and a half at the farthest, from the stockade.

Our anxiety and mortification were doubled when, at the usual hour — as we supposed — we heard the well-known and long-familiar sound of the hunter's horn, calling his hounds to their accustomed task of making the circuit of the stockade, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not any "Yankee" had had the audacity to attempt an escape. The hounds, anticipating, no doubt, this usual daily work, gave forth glad barks of joy at being thus called forth to duty. We heard them start, as was their usual, from about the railroad depot (as we imagined), but the sounds growing fainter and fainter gave us a little hope that *our* trail had been missed. Only a short time, however, were we allowed this pleasant reflection, for ere long — it could not have been more than an hour — we could plainly see that they were drawing nearer and nearer. They finally appeared so close that I advised the boys to climb a tree or sapling in order to keep the dogs from biting them and to be ready to surrender when the hunters came up, hoping thus to experience as little misery as possible, and not dreaming but that we were caught. On, on came the hounds, nearer and nearer still, till we imagined that we could see the under-growth in the forest shaking by coming in contact with their bodies. Plainer and plainer came the sound of the hunter's voice urging them on. Our hearts were in our throats, and in terrible excitement we wondered if it could be possible for Providence to so arrange it that the dogs would pass us. This last thought, by some strange fancy, had taken possession of me, and I here frankly acknowledge that I believed it would happen. *Why* I believed it, God only knows. My excitement was so great, indeed, that I ain ost lost sight of our danger and felt like shouting to the dogs myself, while I commenced losing my hold on the tree in which I was hidden. By chance I happened to look around at my nearest neighbor in distress. His looks were sufficient to quell any enthusiasm I might have had, and I, too, became despondent. In a very few minutes our suspense was over. The dogs came within not less than 300 yards of us, and we could even see one of them. God in Heaven can only imagine what great joy was then brought to our aching hearts, for almost instantly upon coming into sight the hounds struck off on a different trail, and passed us. Their voices became fainter and fainter, until finally we could hear them no longer. About noon, however, they were called back and taken to camp, but until that time not one of us left our position in the trees.

When we were satisfied that we were safe for the present, we descended to the ground to get what rest we could, in order to be prepared for the night's march, having previously agreed to travel at night and sleep in the day time. "Our Father, who art in Heaven," etc., were the first words that escaped my lips, and the first thoughts that came to my mind as I landed on terra firma. Never before, or since, had I experienced such a profound reverence for Almighty God, for I firmly believe that only through some mighty invisible power were we at that time delivered from untold tortures. Had we been found, we might have been torn and mutilated by the dogs, or, taken back to Andersonville, have suffered for days or perhaps weeks in the stocks or chain gang, as the humor of Wirz might have dictated at the time,—either of which would have been almost certain death.

It was very fortunate for us that before our escape from Andersonville we were detailed at the cook house, for by this means we were enabled to bring away enough food to live for several days without the necessity of theft. Each one of us had our haversacks full of such small *delicacies* as it was possible for us to get when we started, these consisting of corn bread and fat bacon,—nothing less, nothing more. Yet we managed to subsist comfortably until our fourth day out, when we happened to come upon a sweet potato patch, the potatos in which had not been dug. In a very short space of time we were all well supplied with this article, and lived on them raw during that day and the next night.

Just at evening, in going through a field, we suddenly came across three negro men, who at first sight of us showed signs of running, thinking, as they told us afterward, that we were the 'patrols.' After explaining to them who we were and our condition, they took us to a very quiet retreat in the woods, and two of them went off stating that they would soon be back. In a very short time they returned laden with well cooked provisions, which not only gave us a good supper, but supplied us for the next day with all that we wanted. They then guided us on our way for several miles, and left us, after having refused compensation for what they had done."

We continued to travel in this way for nine long weary nights, and on the morning of the 10th day, as we were going into the woods to hide as usual, a little before daylight, we came to a small pond at which there was a negro boy watering two mules before hitching them to a corn mill, it then being corn grinding time in Georgia. He saw us at the same time we did him, and being frightened put whip to the animals and ran off. We tried every way to stop him, but it was no use. He had the start of us. We were very fearful of the consequences of this mishap, but had no remedy, and being very tired, could do nothing else but go into the woods, go to sleep and trust to luck.

The next thing I remembered was being punched in the ribs by my comrade nearest to me, and aroused with the remark, 'We are gone up' On opening my eyes, I saw four men, in citizens' dress, each of whom had a shotgun ready for use. We were ordered to get up. The first question asked us was:

"Who are you?"

"This was spoken in so mild a tone as to lead me to believe that we might possibly be in the hands of gentlemen, if not indeed in those of friends. It was some time before any one answered. The boys, by their looks and the expression of their countenances, seemed to appeal to me for a reply to get them out of their present dilemma, if possible. Before I had time to collect my thoughts, we were startled by these words, coming from the same man that had asked the original question:

"You had better not hesitate, for we have an idea who you are, and should it prove that we are correct, it will be the worse for you."

"Who do you think we are?" I inquired.

"Horse thieves and moss-backs," was the reply.

I jumped at the conclusion instantly, that in order to save our lives, we had better at once own the truth. In a very few words I then told them who we were, where we were from, how long we had been on the road, etc. At this they withdrew a short distance from us for consultation, leaving us for the time in terrible suspense as to what our fate might be upon, however, they returned and informed us that they would be compelled to take us to the County Jail, to await further orders from the Military Commander of the District. While they were talking together, I took a hasty inventory of what valuables we had on hand. I found in the crowd four silver watches, about $300 in Confederate money, and possibly about $100 in greenbacks. Before their return, I told the boys to be sure not to refuse any request I should make. Said I, when they returned, "Gentlemen, we have here four silver watches and several hundred dollars in Confederate money and greenbacks, all of which we now offer you if you will but allow us to proceed on our journey, we taking our own chances in the future."

This proposition, to my great surprise, was refused. I thought then that possibly I had been a little indiscreet in exposing our valuables, but in this I was mistaken, for we had fallen into the hands of *gentlemen*, whose zeal for the Lost Cause was greater than that for obtaining worldly wealth, and who not only refused the bribe, but took us to a well furnished and well-supplied farm house close by, gave us an excellent breakfast, allowing us to sit at the table in a beautiful dining-room, with a lady at the head, filled our haversacks with good wholesome food, and allowed us to keep our property, with an admonition to be careful how we showed it again. We were then put into a wagon and taken to Hamilton, a small town, the County seat of Hamilton County, Georgia, and placed in jail, where we remained for two days and nights,—fearing always that the jail would be burned over our heads, as we heard frequent threats of that nature, by the mob on the streets. But the same kind Providence that had heretofore watched over us, seemed not to have deserted us in this trouble.

Our safety and mortification were doubled when, at the usual hour — as we supposed — we heard the well-known and long-familiar sound of the hunter's horn, calling his hounds to their accustomed task of making the circuit of the stockade, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not any "Yankee" had had the audacity to attempt an escape. The hounds, anticipating, no doubt, this usual daily work, gave forth glad barks of joy at being thus called forth to duty. We heard them start, as was their usual, from about the railroad depot (as we imagined), but the sounds growing fainter and fainter gave us a little hope that *our* trail had been missed. Only a short time, however, were we allowed this pleasant reflection, for ere long — it could not have been more than an hour — we could plainly see that they were drawing nearer and nearer. They finally appeared so close that I advised the boys to climb a tree or sapling in order to keep the dogs from biting them and to be ready to surrender when the hunters came up, hoping thus to experience as little misery as possible, and not dreaming but that we were caught. On, on came the hounds, nearer and nearer still, till we imagined that we could see the under-growth in the forest shaking by coming in contact with their bodies. Plainer and plainer came the sound of the hunter's voice urging them on. Our hearts were in our throats, and in terrible excitement we wondered if it could be possible for Providence to so arrange it that the dogs would pass us. This last thought, by some strange fancy, had taken possession of me, and I here frankly acknowledge that I believed it would happen. *Why* I believed it, God only knows. My excitement was so great, indeed, that I ain ost lost sight of our danger and felt like shouting to the dogs myself, while I commenced losing my hold on the tree in which I was hidden. By chance I happened to look around at my nearest neighbor in distress. His looks were sufficient to quell any enthusiasm I might have had, and I, too, became despondent. In a very few minutes our suspense was over. The dogs came within not less than 300 yards of us, and we could even see one of them. God in Heaven can only imagine what great joy was then brought to our aching hearts, for almost instantly upon coming into sight the hounds struck off on a different trail, and passed us. Their voices became fainter and fainter, until finally we could hear them no longer. About noon, however, they were called back and taken to camp, but until that time not one of us left our position in the trees.

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It was very fortunate for us that before our escape from Andersonville we were detailed at the cook house, for by this means we were enabled to bring away enough food to live for several days without the necessity of theft. Each one of us had our haversacks full of such small *delicacies* as it was possible for us to get when we started, these consisting of corn bread and fat bacon,—nothing less, nothing more. Yet we managed to subsist comfortably until our fourth day out, when we happened to come upon a sweet potato patch, the potatos in which had not been dug. In a very short space of time we were all well supplied with this article, and lived on them raw during that day and the next night.

Just at evening, in going through a field, we suddenly came across three negro men, who at first sight of us showed signs of running, thinking, as they told us afterward, that we were the 'patrols.' After explaining to them who we were and our condition, they took us to a very quiet retreat in the woods, and two of them went off stating that they would soon be back. In a very short time they returned laden with well cooked provisions, which not only gave us a good supper, but supplied us for the next day with all that we wanted. They then guided us on our way for several miles, and left us, after having refused compensation for what they had done."

We continued to travel in this way for nine long weary nights, and on the morning of the 10th day, as we were going into the woods to hide as usual, a little before daylight, we came to a small pond at which there was a negro boy watering two mules before hitching them to a corn mill, it then being corn grinding time in Georgia. He saw us at the same time we did him, and being frightened put whip to the animals and ran off. We tried every way to stop him, but it was no use. He had the start of us. We were very fearful of the consequences of this mishap, but had no remedy, and being very tired, could do nothing else but go into the woods, go to sleep and trust to luck.

The next thing I remembered was being punched in the ribs by my comrade nearest to me, and aroused with the remark, 'We are gone up' On opening my eyes, I saw four men, in citizens' dress, each of whom had a shotgun ready for use. We were ordered to get up. The first question asked us was:

"Who are you?"

"This was spoken in so mild a tone as to lead me to believe that we might possibly be in the hands of gentlemen, if not indeed in those of friends. It was some time before any one answered. The boys, by their looks and the expression of their countenances, seemed to appeal to me for a reply to get them out of their present dilemma, if possible. Before I had time to collect my thoughts, we were startled by these words, coming from the same man that had asked the original question:

"You had better not hesitate, for we have an idea who you are, and should it prove that we are correct, it will be the worse for you."

"Who do you think we are?" I inquired.

"Horse thieves and moss-backs," was the reply.

I jumped at the conclusion instantly, that in order to save our lives, we had better at once own the truth. In a very few words I then told them who we were, where we were from, how long we had been on the road, etc. At this they withdrew a short distance from us for consultation, leaving us for the time in terrible suspense as to what our fate might be upon, however, they returned and informed us that they would be compelled to take us to the County Jail, to await further orders from the Military Commander of the District. While they were talking together, I took a hasty inventory of what valuables we had on hand. I found in the crowd four silver watches, about $300 in Confederate money and greenbacks, all of which we now offer you if you will but allow us to proceed on our journey, we taking our own chances in the future."

This proposition, to my great surprise, was refused. I thought then that possibly I had been a little indiscreet in exposing our valuables, but in this I was mistaken, for we had fallen into the hands of *gentlemen*, whose zeal for the Lost Cause was greater than that for obtaining worldly wealth, and who not only refused the bribe, but took us to a well furnished and well-supplied farm house close by, gave us an excellent breakfast, allowing us to sit at the table in a beautiful dining-room, with a lady at the head, filled our haversacks with good wholesome food, and allowed us to keep our property, with an admonition to be careful how we showed it again. We were then put into a wagon and taken to Hamilton, a small town, the County seat of Hamilton County, Georgia, and placed in jail, where we remained for two days and nights,—fearing always that the jail would be burned over our heads, as we heard frequent threats of that nature, by the mob on the streets. But the same kind Providence that had heretofore watched over us, seemed not to have deserted us in this trouble.

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